The Outlook

NOVEMBER 20, 1918

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VICTORIOUS PEACE

In everything but the name the submission of defeated Germany to the Allies is an unconditional surrender. It is true that in theory, but not in actuality, Germany could break off the armistice. But the collapse, both military and political, of Germany, following and emphasized by that of all her vassals—Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria—makes such an act on her part impossible. Once the terms of the armistice are carried out even in part, and much more when they are carried out entirely, the Allies will hold such a supremacy on land and sea that they can impose any terms whatever without the slightest fear of a renewal of armed resistance to their will. If this is not unconditional surrender in name, it amounts to that in fact. It need not be added that the Allies will be guided in the terms they so dictate by justice and honor. The safety of the world from ambitious designs of conquest and aggression; the protection of the small nations in their liberties; the adjustment of international boundaries on a basis which will promise peace and security for the future; the end forever of Prussian tyranny—these are some of the essentials which must be riveted beyond possible disruption in the fabrication of a world peace. These things we, the Allies, now have the power and the will to enforce.

Certainly there is no lack of stringency and definiteness in the terms of the armistice signed by Germany and the Allies on the morning of Monday, November 11, the day which it has been proposed to call in this country forever Victory Day. This memorable document, which may be the basis of a World Magna Charta, was read in person by President Wilson before Congress on Victory Day. The occasion was the most dramatic and impressive appearance of the President before Congress since that which heralded the entrance of America into the war through the President's Message delivered before Congress on April 2, 1917. The Supreme Court Justices, the diplomatic representatives of our allies, and the Senators were present in the House of Representatives, and around the President were grouped the members of his Cabinet and General March, Chief of Staff. Neither in Congress nor out of Congress has there been any serious criticism of the armistice under which our victory is made certain, and the way is open for an enduring peace founded on the principles in which the Allies are united.

THE ARMISTICE

What does the armistice provide? If we omit minor features and clauses intended to provide for practical means of carrying out the main provisions, we find that within fourteen days Germany is to evacuate all invaded territory—"Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine, Luxemburg"—note that Alsace-Lorraine is included as an *invaded* country, a clear intimation that Germany has held it wrongfully since 1871; all inhabitants of these countries are to be repatriated at once.

The evacuation goes much further; the German armies are to withdraw from a considerable stretch of German territory on the left or west bank of the Rhine. This territory includes the important cities of Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence. The Allies are to hold this great stretch of ground, they are to occupy these large cities, and they are to hold bridgeheads on the other side of the Rhine opposite this territory as specified. This is indeed a hostage in land and cities the possession of which is a pledge of security. But the security afforded goes still further, for beyond the Rhine—that is, on the eastern bank—there is to be a neutral zone about twenty-five miles in width, on an average. All this German territory must be free from German forces within twenty-five days. Allied garrisons are to hold all fortified points on the west bank of the Rhine. No destruction or injury to the people must be permitted during evacuation, under threat of reprisal. Military stores, equipment, and the like must be handed over intact. The position of all mines or poisoned wells must be indicated. Germany is to send back all prisoners she holds; the Allies are not.

Turning from the demands for evacuation to the actual surrender of valuable military material, we find that Germany is to hand over 5,000 pieces of artillery (2,500 heavy, 2,500 field), 30,000 machine guns, 2,000 airplanes, and other things in large quantities. It is also to hand over 5,000 locomotives, 50,000 wagons, and 10,000 motor trucks. Railways, bridges, telegraphs, and all other material, including coal, in evacuated territory must be given up intact.

The naval conditions are crushing as regards any revival of German naval power during or after the armistice. The Allies are to receive one hundred and sixty German submarines, including all those of the new large cruiser type, while six battle-cruisers, eight light cruisers, ten battleships, and fifty destroyers are to be disarmed and interned. Allied war and merchant ships are to have free access to the Baltic; mines are to be indicated and removed; the Russian vessels in the Black Sea seized by Germany are to be handed over to the Allies; no ships of any kind are to be destroyed; the right of trading with the Allies is assured to all neutral countries, while, on the other hand, the right of blockading German ports is retained by the Allies.

Next in importance come the surrender within a month of all Allied civilians interned or deported and the reparation for damage done. What is meant by the latter clause is illustrated by the requirement that the money and securities taken from Belgium shall be paid back, and that gold taken from Russia and Rumania shall be delivered in trust to the Allies.

A most interesting section of the armistice relates to the eastern countries, and the most interesting clause in this is that which demands the immediate abandonment of the hateful Treaties of Bucharest and Brest-Litovsk imposed upon Russia and Rumania by Germany. Next in interest comes the demand that not only German troops, but also "German instructors, prisoners, and civilians as well as military agents," now in Russia are to be recalled. Germany is to withdraw all her troops in Russia, Rumania, and Turkey.

This is by no means a complete summary of the drastic requirements of the armistice. Its duration is for thirty days, and it may be renewed. There is no doubt anywhere that the putting in operation of the armistice means the end of the world war. The discussion of the conditions of final peace and the signing of the treaties which must grow out of it will doubtless take long and be of immense difficulty, but the fighting of the nations ended when the last shots were fired at eleven o'clock (Paris time) on November 11.

A map relating to the armistice appears on the next page.

GERMANY'S MENACE FROM WITHIN

There is hope but there is also grave danger when an autocracy breaks up in defeat and disgrace. In Germany the Kaiser has abdicated and has fled to Holland; the Crown Prince has renounced the succession to the throne; the former Chancellor, Maximilian of Baden, has been replaced as Chancellor by a Socialist, Friedrich Ebert, who has issued a moderate and sane appeal to the people to observe peace and order; a Cabinet has been formed of which Socialists and anti-militarists are members; a popular meeting in Munich has proclaimed that Bavaria, long jealous of Prussian aggression, is to become a republic; kings of other German states have abdicated or are on the point

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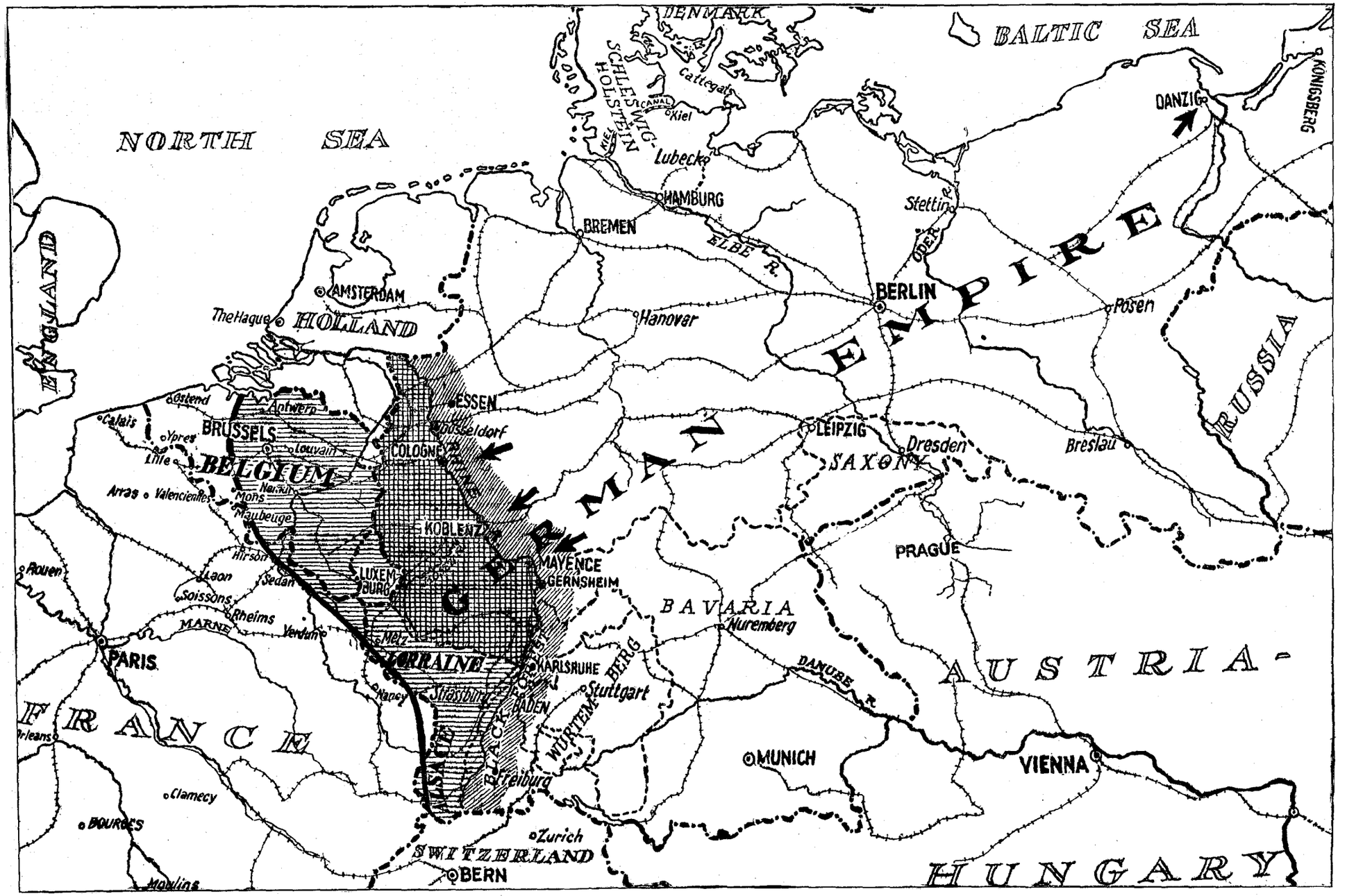

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MAP SHOWING HOW GERMANY'S HANDS ARE TIED BY THE ARMISTICE

The neutral zone on the right (or eastern) bank of the Rhine, from Holland to Switzerland, is indicated by diagonal shading. The German territory on the left bank which is to be evacuated is indicated by cross-hatch shading. The "invaded countries" to be evacuated are indicated by horizontal shading; these include Alsace and Lorraine. Thus nearly the whole of the Rhine Valley is to be under the control of tho Allies pending the settlement of the terms of peace. On the eastern front the armistice provides for the occupying by the Allies of all German defenses of the Baltic Sea, including Kiel and Danzig, thus giving the victors the key to evacuated territory in the east

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of doing so; social reforms and democratic tendencies are everywhere discussed.

All this is promising; but there are two obstacles to any genuine democratization of Germany. One is that the despotism of anarchy may replace the despotism of autocracy, that what happened to the Russian Revolution may happen to the German revolution. Already Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils have been formed. The revolts at Kiel, Hamburg, and other naval points have been organized by such committees, and outbreaks elsewhere have been led by the Reds. The proposal of the late Chancellor (who, without any obvious authority, speaks of himself as a "regent") is to have a National Assembly to decide on the form of government. The result will depend on how the delegates are selected. A National Assembly stage-managed by the old Potsdam gang minus the Kaiser would be a farce. The red flag flying over the Brandenburg Gate, the accession of troops in Berlin to the popular cause, the impending return of large German armies to German soil, are things which indicate or forebode a possible German class revolt in which the sober-minded people may be overridden by wild theorists and infuriated mobs. From such a state of things the reaction might be dangerous to the world at large. It is evident that the Allies have a duty in Russia to restore order and institute real self-government. It may be that a similar duty may arise as regards disintegrating Germany.

The other danger confronting Germany is lest the revolution be based not on a genuine change of heart but on fear and hatred. When autocracy was apparently triumphant, Germans generally applauded its cruelty and brutality toward other peoples; now that it is crushed, what is needed is not only a change in the form of government but an utter reversal of that spirit of contempt toward other nations and of that indorsement of barbarism and inhumanity from which not even all German Socialists have refrained. As President Wilson said before Congress when he presented the terms of armistice: "The peoples who have just come out from under the yoke of arbitrary government, and who are now coming at last into their freedom, will never find the treasures of liberty they are in search of if they look for them by the light of the torch. They will find that every pathway that is stained with the blood of their own brothers leads to the wilderness, not to the seat of their hope."

NEW MEN IN THE SENATE

Among the new men in the United States Senate a striking figure will be that of Selden Spencer, Republican, of Missouri. He is fifty-six years old. Not only does he replace a Democrat in the Senate, but he defeated such an opponent as Joseph Folk, the famous Circuit Attorney of St. Louis and later (1905–9) Governor. Judge Spencer's recognized ability and his record as a public-spirited citizen of St. Louis, as a member of the Missouri Legislature, and as Judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit (1897–1903), qualify him to serve his State with distinction. He was known in the recent primary as the representative of the people as against "the interests." His appearance in the Senate begins from a border State the Republican drive against "the South in the saddle," which was a chief cause of the general Democratic defeat in the election.

From adjoining Kansas comes Governor Arthur Capper, Republican, a man of administrative experience and also known because of his editorship of the influential Topeka "Capital." He began as a compositor. He is fifty-three years old. A portrait appears elsewhere. His great majority and also that of Governor-elect Allen are due not only to their personal worth but also to the resentment at the Administration's treatment of General Wood, commanding at Camp Funston, Kansas. The Eighty-ninth Division, commanded by General Wood until at its port of embarkation he was summarily relieved without warning, was made up of men from Kansas and neighboring States. As there has been no public explanation of this slight to General Wood, the returns from all of these States show significant Republican gains.

Another Governor, Walter Evans Edge, Republican, of New Jersey, is a still younger man, he being only forty-five years of age. His record in the New Jersey Legislature and later as the head of the State Government would indicate equal efficiency in another sphere of influence. Like Governor Capper, Mr. Edge also began life in a composing-room; he was once "printer's devil" in the "Atlantic Review" of Atlantic City.

Passing from Governors to ex-Governors, we are confronted by David Ignatius Walsh, Democrat, of Massachusetts. His portrait appears on another page. He is also a comparatively young man, forty-six years old. He has been a popular figure, as was shown in his campaigns for the Governorship and particularly in the recent campaign, where he displayed much clever oratory, capturing the increasingly large Roman Catholic vote independent of party. Like Governor Edge, Mr. Walsh, during his term in the State Legislature, was the author of successful labor legislation. It will be astonishing to see a Democrat representing Massachusetts in the Senate. Not since Robert Rantoul's day, nearly seventy years ago, has this happened.

From Michigan comes a new Senator, Truman Handy Newberry, from 1905–8 Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Secretary of the Navy in President Roosevelt's Cabinet during its last three months of office. Mr. Newberry is a Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Navy Fleet Reserve. He is fifty-four years old. His Democratic opponent for the Senatorship, Henry Ford, the Detroit automobile manufacturer, became a candidate because "commanded" by President Wilson. And yet of Mr. Ford Judge Hughes reported in his recent aircraft review: "There has been a laxity at the Ford plant with respect to those of German sympathies which is not at all compatible with the interests of the Government."

Another important and new man who, like Judge Spencer, replaces a Democrat (and the Democrat is none other than James Hamilton Lewis, Democratic whip of the Senate) is Medill McCormick, Republican, of Illinois. Mr. McCormick is also a young man for Senatorial honors, indeed the youngest in this list; he is only forty-one years of age. He has been a member of the State Legislature and is at present a member of the House of Representatives, his term expiring March 4, 1919, just in time for him to take the short journey from the House to the Senate Chamber in case the new Congress is called in extra session on that date. Mr. McCormick represents Roosevelt Republicanism in general, and in especial has obtained recognition among all interested in budget reform by his introduction into Congress of a comprehensive measure dealing with that subject. A portrait appears on another page.

Among the Senators who have been returned, Knute Nelson, Republican, of Minnesota, stands pre-eminent. Mr. Nelson's services in the Senate have won acknowledgment from President Wilson himself. Pursuing a broad-gauge policy, the President appealed to Minnesota Democrats not to oppose Senator Nelson's re-election. Up to the eleventh hour they were apparently willing to obey the injunction, but finally some ringleaders representing the less trustworthy element "came out" for a candidate who was not so much a Democrat as a Prohibitionist, and who apparently relied on the Non-Partisan League and the pro-Germans for support. A portrait appears elsewhere.

The new Senate will have a Republican majority of two. The House, with some seats still in doubt, will have a Republican majority of from forty to fifty.

THE LIQUOR ISSUE

The results of the election show that four new States—Ohio, Florida, Wyoming, Nevada—have now entered the fast-growing column of those States in which intoxicating liquors may not be legally sold or bought.

The first question in most people's minds is, How will this affect the ratification of the Federal "Dry" Amendment?

Before the election there were twenty-eight "dry" States. The four which have just adopted prohibition make thirty-two. Only thirty-six States are needed for ratification. But five "wet" States have already ratified it. That makes thirty-seven presumably committed to the Federal amendment.

In New York State the "dry" issue was of particular interest. Governor Whitman, the Republican candidate for another term as Governor, was defeated. He had been indorsed by the Prohibition party. His defeat, however, the Prohibitionists believe, was not because he had advocated prohibition, but because his managers tried to "pussy-foot" and "soft-pedal" the prohibi-

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tion issue. The Governor of New York State does not have to sign a resolution ratifying a Federal amendment. The overwhelming majority of Republican members in both houses of New York are in favor of ratification of the "dry" amendment. The fact that the Legislature was saved from Tammany and that the people refused to elect a Tammany Legislature pledged against ratification is an answer to the claim that prohibition was defeated in New York State.

WOMEN AND THE ELECTIONS

The supporters of woman suffrage, especially the women supporters, are jubilant over the results of the recent election. Two new States, Michigan and South Dakota, have adopted full suffrage for women. The number of States having full suffrage is thus raised by the recent victory from twelve to fourteen, and if Oklahoma should prove to have adopted suffrage the number will be fifteen. In Illinois, Nebraska, North Dakota, and Rhode Island women may vote in Presidential or in Presidential and municipal elections. And in Arkansas and Texas women, by some curious process of masculine logic, are permitted to vote in the primaries, while they cannot vote in the elections. Thus it will be seen that women now have full or partial participation in Federal elections in twenty-one of the forty-eight States. These twenty-one States in which women have a voice command 207 electoral votes in a Presidential contest. Politicians have already noted this fact, and it is beginning to have some effect upon the prospect of the adoption by the Senate of the Federal amendment.

In Louisiana, the first Southern State to hold a referendum on woman suffrage, the proposal was defeated, although every newspaper in the State except one advocated its adoption. It is significant of the growth of the movement in the South that the suffragists had a majority in the State outside of New Orleans, but the adverse vote in that city was too large to overcome.

In the Congressional elections the defeat of Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, and that of Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, are of moment as regards the woman suffrage movement. Despite Mr. Weeks's personal attractiveness and ability, and despite the fact that he has been influential in both houses of Congress, and especially on the Senate Military Affairs Committee, the women in Massachusetts think that the chief cause of his defeat was their militant campaign against him. He occupied one of the "anti-suffrage" seats in the Senate. It was necessary to secure two of those seats so that in the incoming Congress the Federal Suffrage Amendment might be assured of passage. By the defeat of a Republican in Massachusetts and a Democrat in Delaware those seats would seem to have been assured.

Moreover, in three other States in which the National Suffrage Association entered the Congressional election in order to oppose candidates who had opposed the Federal Suffrage Amendment, it scored to the extent of causing the candidates in each State to run behind their party tickets. These candidates were Senators Borah, of Idaho, Baird, of New Jersey, and Moses, of New Hampshire.

The suffragists therefore feel well satisfied with the general outcome.

AN INDIVIDUAL TRIUMPH

It is with particular pleasure that The Outlook records the success at the polls of the Hon. Frederick M. Davenport, Republican candidate for the State Senate from the Thirty-sixth District of the State of New York.

Mr. Davenport has already seen service in the State Legislature, having been, in Governor Hughes's day, a member of the Senate and a lieutenant of Governor Hughes in carrying through reform legislation.

Senator Davenport is Professor in Political Science at Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. Readers of The Outlook know him through his many articles on political, social, and educational topics contributed to its pages. In addition to these we have had the advantage of his advice and consultation in political problems, an advantage which we think may be counted on for the future. Mr. Davenport has long made practical politics his laboratory in political science.

A GREAT FORTUNE DEVOTED TO PUBLIC WELFARE

The recent death of Mrs. Russell Sage has naturally led to a review of the varied and large uses to which during her lifetime this modest, unostentatious, and warm-hearted woman devoted the enormous fortune placed unreservedly in her hands by the will of her husband, a man who seemed to care little about using money, but much about acquiring it.

The most notable contribution by Mrs. Sage to public purposes was of course that of $10,000,000 to establish the Russell Sage Foundation, which has nobly and finely carried out its obligations under its charter for "the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States." Apart from this main channel of usefulness Mrs. Sage contributed generously to many religious, philanthropic, and educational institutions. It is understood that in public and private charity or welfare work Mrs. Sage gave away in her lifetime about $35,000,000. This sum amounts to about half of the estate left by Russell Sage. It is confidently expected (although Mrs. Sage's will has not been filed for probate as we write) that liberal bequests to an almost equal amount will be provided for under the will, while personal bequests will be provided for by accumulated income. If this is so, it will be seen that the $70,000,000 left by Russell Sage has been entirely devoted to public uses.

THE TAX BILL

Last June the Secretary of the Treasury indicated that the probable expenditures for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, would be about $24,000,000,000. He recommended that a third of this amount, $8,000,000,000, be raised in taxes. This recommendation naturally sharpened the discussion as to what the ratio between loans and taxes should be.

England has placed a greater degree of dependence upon current taxation than has any other belligerent in the late war except ourselves, and yet England proposes to raise but about fifteen per cent of her 1919 war expenses by taxation. As England has never doubled her tax revenues and has made but one increase as large as fifty per cent, it is difficult to comprehend the reasons for subjecting Americans to two doublings of taxation in successive years.

Last September Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and floor leader of the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives, submitted his long-awaited proposals for new taxation. They were favorably received by the House of Representatives. The bill is now before the Senate for action. With regard to this measure we would call attention to the unanimous report adopted by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. It notes in the bill three main features:

First, this measure would increase the annual Federal tax revenue to nearly $8,200,000,000—about double the very large amount raised during the previous fiscal year, and more than twice the largest amount ever raised by taxation in any other nation in any one year.

Second, it would place upon American taxpayers a heavier proportion of Governmental expenditures than has ever been in time of war borne by the taxpaying citizens or subjects of any modern Power.

Third, and in particular, it would not materially increase the relatively small fraction of the total population now required to make direct tax payments. This fact, it develops, is so glaring that, in the opinion of the New York Chamber of Commerce, it would seem as if the maxim, "The greatest good to the greatest number," has been considered the exact equivalent of, "The maximum exploitation of the fewest citizens"!

Of course what is technically called "the incidence of taxation"—that is to say, the way in which the tax burden falls upon the individual citizen—is as important as its amount. It is of first importance, we believe with the Chamber, that all citizens should participate in all the burdens as well as in all the opportunities of National existence. "Every argument

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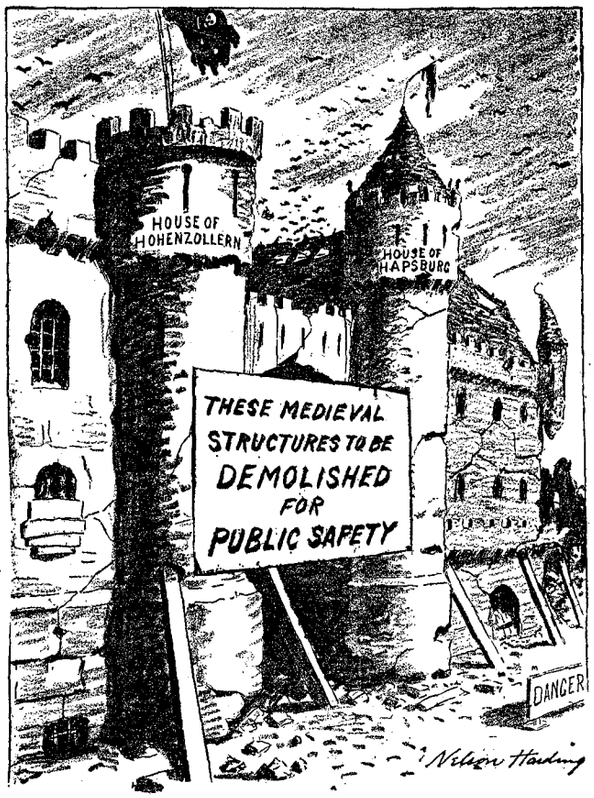
CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle



BUILDINGS CONDEMNED

PICTURESQUE BUT USELESS SURVIVALS

Darling in the New York Tribune

DON'T WORRY—THEY KNOW THE CHARACTER OF OUR GUEST
Some essential details before the table is really set

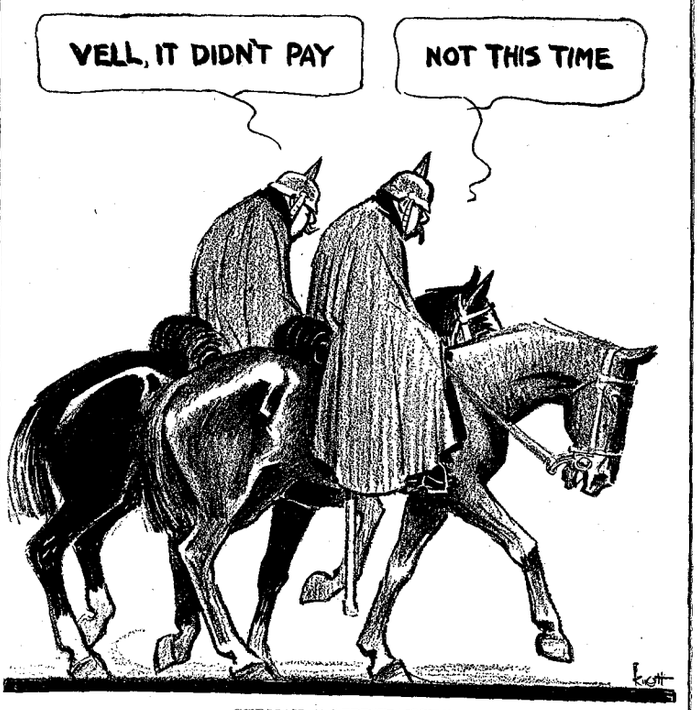
NO MORE "SOUVENIRS" FOR THE GERMANS

Kirby in the New York World

THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE

THE NEW MEMBER GIVES THE "HIGH SIGN"

Knott in the Dallas News



GERMAN "REPENTANCE"

BEATEN BUT HARDLY CONVINCED

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for universal military service is really an argument for universal taxation."

The Chamber then lays down this fundamental principle: "Our tax system should be based upon outgo rather than upon income." In the carrying out of this principle the Chamber fitly declares that stamp taxes should be a prime source of revenue, and, in especial, that the former tax upon bank checks should be restored. Such a tax would, we also are sure, cause little annoyance. We believe that it would not appreciably restrict the volume of transactions. Once accustomed to it, the country, we think, would hardly look upon it as a tax at all. We earnestly hope that the Senate committee which is now recasting the Kitchin Bill as passed by the House of Representatives will take into consideration the weighty recommendation of the New York Chamber of Commerce in this respect.

As to the Chamber's further recommendations, there is room for some difference of opinion. It recommends that all or nearly all the stamp taxes used during the Civil War and the Spanish War should be restored; that there should be a stamp tax upon receipts, to be required for all purchases in amounts exceeding one dollar, and that there should be taxes upon consumption, needed to check the rapidly rising scale of costs.

Whether any of these recommendations are followed or not, two things are evident: Taxation should reach as many, not as few, citizens as possible, and should fall equitably upon all classes. We **must** not jeopardize our spirit of democracy.

WOMEN MEMBERS IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

Women sitting as members in the British Parliament! It hardly seems possible. They have long sat, a very few of them, as onlookers, but behind a grille, lest they become too dangerous.

But they have become more dangerous than ever. Indeed, in June, 1917, they became so dangerous that the House of Commons voted for the principle of equal suffrage for men and women by a majority of no less than 330 out of a total vote of 440.

On October 23 it went one step further—a big step. By a majority of 249 out of a vote of 299 it passed on its first reading a bill to admit women members, if elected, to its own organization. As Mr. Asquith said, the one action entailed the other. The bill has since passed its second and third reading and goes to the House of Lords.

Whether the measure passes that body or not (and if not, the House of Commons by its new powers of compulsion on legislation is likely to deal summarily with the Lords), the question now arises, How about representation in the House of Lords? English peers do not have the franchise; compensation is supposed to exist in their right to voice their opinions in the House of Lords. Naturally, the wives and widows of peers suffer the same disability; but they have no such accompanying compensation. They cannot vote. There is no House of Lords for them to sit in, much less a "House of Ladies."

Hence last April a large number of titled women who believed that they ought to have both the vote and the right of membership in Parliament began an agitation. Among them were three duchesses, three marchionesses, twenty-eight countesses, eleven viscountesses, and thirty-three baronesses. This is an indication that the woman suffrage movement is strong in aristocratic circles as well as elsewhere.

The most picturesque contribution to the cause was made by Viscountess Rhondda. Until January, 1916, this lady was plain Mrs. Thomas, the wife of David Thomas, the eminent English administrator and statesman who, because of his signal services to the country, was created Viscount Rhondda. He died lately, lamented by the whole nation, for his efficiency as Food Administrator was equaled only by that of Mr. Hoover in this country. If Lord Rhondda had died before 1916, his wife would have profited by the subsequent law which grants suffrage to women, a law crowning a movement in which she had long been an active worker, and which is now enjoyed by her domestics but not by herself. She is now a peeress, and has lost her vote. This did not prevent her from petitioning to be allowed to vote at the general elections. Her petition was denied. But if the bill just passed by the House of Commons should become effective, Lady Rhondda will realize her hopes.

SOME DUTIES OF PEACE

ALL thoughtful men and women agree that the first few months of peace will be filled with problems and fraught with dangers quite as serious as, perhaps even more serious than, those that have confronted us during the four years of war. Civilization has been shaken, shocked, battered, and wounded by a terrible catastrophe. But it is still living and breathing; the spirit of life is still in it; like a man who has been all but destroyed in a terrible accident, it will need the most indefatigable and self-sacrificing nursing and care during the period of convalescence. What is often spoken of as the "reconstruction period" is simply the getting-well period.

During this period, while the Allied Governments are discussing at the peace table the new boundaries of Europe, the re-establishment of international law, the punishment of the criminals who caused the disaster, the reparation of the incalculable sufferings of the innocent, and other vast problems which will tax to the utmost the just and righteous statesmanship of the world, the American people in their own personal and National life can remember three courses of action which, if they follow them, will contribute mightily to the final strengthening and revitalization of prostrate civilization.

First, let us be modest. We print on another page some reasons for being modest which have been sent to us by a well-known American engineer officer. Perhaps the most poetic, if not the most highly prized, decoration of the war is the French Croix de Guerre. Well, let us Americans take care to pin our Croix de Guerre on the breasts of the French, the British, the Belgians, the Serbians, and the Italians before we pin it on our own. They are the ones who have borne the brunt of the battle. We believe that our soldiers at the front, who have conducted themselves so nobly and have shown themselves to be such splendid fighters as to win the everlasting affection and gratitude of all their comrades in arms of whatever nationality, will be among the first to preach modesty and reticence when they get back home.

In the second place, humane duty as well as practical self-protection requires that the American people do everything they can to aid in establishing law and order and a just government in Russia, Austria, and Germany, where autocracy has collapsed. Germany has not only surrendered, but the German Empire is to-day in process of dissolution. Shall this be made a process of recrystallization into a permanent and healthy form? In this work the United States has a peculiar responsibility, for President Wilson—and we think it will be one of the great historic achievements and honors of his Administration—has steadily for a year and a half bent all his great power and authority to effect a separation in spirit and sentiment as well as in political form between the German people and the Hohenzollern aristocracy. That separation has now come. But, having destroyed the Hohenzollern Government, the United States would be false to the principles of justice if it should not aid the German people in creating a better government. It is one of the doctrines of international law that no country may destroy the government of another without seeing to it that a better government takes the place of the one that is lost. It was this principle that guided the American people and the American Government in the Philippines, in Porto Rico, and in Cuba. Indeed, we said to the Cubans, by what is known as the Platt Amendment, that if anarchy and injustice raised their heads to destroy the Cuban Republic, we should interfere to put these enemies of civilization down. We have interfered once since the Spanish-American War in Cuba. Under the protection of this promise and performance in behalf of law and order the Cuban Republic has steadily grown in strength and social justice. Law and order are the first essential foundations of democratic liberty. The United States must continue in co-operation with her European Allies to protect and maintain law and order in the Central Empires of Europe, by force if necessary, so that true democracy may have a chance to establish itself.

In the third place, the American people must not relax a single effort to maintain the morale of their soldiers abroad and of their citizens at home during the period of demobilization. As Dr. John R. Mott, the head of the International Y. M. C. A., has so effectively said, the period of demobilization must not become a period of demoralization. At a luncheon recently held in New

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York City by the Merchants' Association in behalf of the United War Work Campaign Dr. Mott read some tabulated statistics which he had prepared and which he rightly said throw a distinct light on the length of time that our Army will still have to be kept in disciplinary trim and military formation. These statistics show the approximate time which elapsed from the last battle or armistice to the final demobilization of the troops engaged:

American Civil War	17 months
Franco-Prussian "	2 years 4 months
Turco-Russian "	18 months
Spanish-American "	16 months
Boer "	10 months
Russo-Japanese "	13 months

In the light of these figures, it seems probable that it will be at least a year, and perhaps longer, before the last of our troops are mustered out of service, and longer than that if it should be necessary, as seems likely, to maintain garrisons in Europe for the purpose of aiding the German, Austrian, and Russian people to build up constitutional democracies upon the ruins which their autocratic despots have made. For at least a year to come, therefore, the work of the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, and other altruistic organizations which have been doing such admirable work during the war, will be needed more than ever.

Peace always brings a time of relaxation. Active warfare demands that every man shall keep himself up to the highest pitch of perfection. That incentive is taken away when war ends. Every American citizen must make it his own personal duty to see that his morale does not relax, and see that the soldiers and sailors abroad and at home are helped to maintain those high standards of life and efficiency which have given them so fine a reputation in this war.

PEACE AND THE COLLAPSE OF AUTOCRACY

America is rejoicing in the peace. But it is not merely the peace which inspires America's joy. For the first two years after the war began America was at peace, and she was not rejoicing. She was humiliated. If the impossible could happen and Socialistic Germany should attempt to revive the war which autocratic Germany has abandoned, we should still rejoice, for our joy is because one of the greatest purposes for which we entered this war, for which we have given our sons, spent our money, and invited and accepted our slight self-sacrifices, has been accomplished. Autocracy is destroyed beyond all hope of re-creation. This is the secret and spring of our rejoicing.

The Greeks had a motto: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." In the Hebrew account of the emancipation of Israel from Egypt the narrator says that God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and to this hardening of Pharaoh's heart he attributes the complete success of the emancipation.

Neither of these statements need be regarded as psychologically exact, but they both express, not only the faith expressed by Shakespeare in the phrase, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," and by Hegel in his affirmation that history is the working out of God's plans, but also the faith that in thus working out his own great purposes God compels the enemies of mankind to co-operate with him in accomplishing the very ends which they desire to defeat. The events of the last four years illustrate this truth. Germany and Austria have contributed to the destruction of that autocracy which they endeavored to extend, and to the building of that democracy which they endeavored to destroy.

The French Revolution and the Napoleonic campaigns shattered without destroying the power of autocracy in western Europe, and kindled in the common people an aspiration for liberty which could thereafter be repressed but could not be extinguished. The Bourbons were put back upon their thrones, but not to remain. In France, Spain, Italy, constitutional governments were established in which the people had at least some share. In Austria the fire of liberty flamed out for a moment in Kossuth's unsuccessful revolt, and in Germany in the apparently futile revolution of 1848. But that revolution was not wholly futile. It reappeared in the Social Democratic party, which was without political power but not without notable representation in the powerless Reichstag. In Russia the same aspiration found outward expression in the writings of Tolstoy, and inward inspiration in traveling apostles of liberty whose influence could neither be wholly repressed by the united efforts of a despotic State and a despotic Church, nor wholly neutralized by the criminal folly of Anarchistic revolutionists.

Meanwhile across the sea the American Republic waxed strong. The outbreak of the Civil War brought despair to the lovers of liberty and exultation to the lovers of absolutism in Europe. But it caused throughout Europe a widespread agitation, and so fed the kindled aspirations of the common people for liberty. In the midst of her Civil War America passed the Homestead Law, and the common people of Europe saw in this act a satisfying of their hunger for the land and a hope of that independence which the ownership of land promotes. Hundreds of thousands crossed the sea to take advantage of the free gift offered to them. They were not the "dregs of Europe," but included many of her most energetic, enterprising, and industrious citizens. Every mail carried back letters from the emigrants to the stay-at-homes, inciting the question, Why can we not have wages adequate to support our families, land of our own to cultivate, and schools established for the education of our children? The better wage paid in America not only begot discontent with industrial conditions in Ireland, Germany, Austria, and Italy, but compelled some increase of wages in those countries. The story of the Irishman who wrote to a comrade at home, "Come over here. I have nothing to do but to carry a hodful of bricks to the top of a four-story building; the fellow there does all the work, and I get a dollar and a half a day," is probably apocryphal, but it is significant.

It was characteristic of the English aristocracy to yield slowly and gradually to the growing demands of the common people. Suffrage was extended; pocket boroughs were abolished; the veto powers were taken from the House of Lords; the taxes on unearned wealth were increased; radical Laborites were permitted, without protest, to enter Parliament.

But the autocrats who ruled Germany and Austria were fools. Were they crazed by their own self-conceit? Professor Jastrow apparently thinks so.[1] Were they blinded by their own lust of political and industrial dominion? Perhaps. Whatever the cause, they imagined that by sitting on the safety-valve they could prevent explosion and extinguish the flames beneath the boiler. The ruling powers of the three great autocratic Empires of Europe—Germany, Austria, and Turkey—resolved to extinguish democratic aspirations and at the same time extend their own dominion by a war of conquest. They argued that England was threatened by a two-headed revolt in Ireland; that France was divided politically by a strife between the Socialistic and Individualistic theories of the social organization, and religiously by the strife between believers in ecclesiastical autocracy and believers in religious and educational liberty; that Italy was their ally and might be depended on at least to remain neutral. The hour was auspicious. The assassination of an Austrian prince furnished an excuse. And autocratic Germany challenged democracy to a trial of the issue—world dominion or downfall. The phraseology is that of one of her own apostles.

The same blindness, the same folly, have characterized the German, the Austrian, and the Turkish forces throughout the war. They have recognized no power but that of the sword. They have shown themselves true disciples of Nietzsche, who gave to himself and his followers the title of "immoralists." They have shocked the common sense and outraged the common conscience of the civilized world. That world Germany startled when on the outbreak of the war she invaded the territory of a neighbor whose territory she had solemnly pledged to protect from invasion. She turned astonishment into abhorrence when she justified this violation of her pledged word by the cynical declaration that "necessity knows no law." She intensified that abhorrence when she burned the cities and massacred the inhabitants of a kingdom whose only crime it was that its King

[1] See his article entitled "Mania Teutonica," in The Outlook for January 9, 1918, and his article in this issue of The Outlook.

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and its people had kept faith with a neighbor who had trusted it. She developed the growing hostility of other civilized nations when she sank their merchant ships engaged in peaceful and legitimate trade. She aroused America's wrath when she proposed to Mexico to invade us from the south and encouraged our own German-American citizens to conduct a treacherous warfare against us in violation of their solemn oath of allegiance to the land of their adoption. The flames of wrath grew hotter as we read the account of cruelties perpetrated in lands remote —the Balkans, Poland, Armenia.

If Germany had been content to maintain her autocracy over her own people, the free peoples of the world would not have interfered with her. If she had observed her treaty with Belgium and had invaded France from the east, it is doubtful whether England would have engaged in the war. If she had treated with scrupulous respect the rights of neutrals on land and on sea, it is doubtful whether any of the neutral Powers would have been drawn into the ranks of the Allies. She has invited her downfall by crimes that were follies. She has dug the pit for others in such a fashion that it was inevitable that she should fall into it herself.

Her cruelty, and yet more her exultation in cruelty, made the whole world her enemy. It notified her own subject peoples what she was and what they might expect from her if ever they essayed a revolt. It made revolt more perilous, but it also made it more necessary. If to America the causes of the war were at first obscure, no wonder they were obscure to the uneducated and long-dependent peoples of the Powers which brought that war on. But as the causes grew more clear to the peoples without the field of conflict, they also grew more clear to the peoples within that field.

All Americans, without distinction of party, recognize with admiration the skill of the President in the use of "winged words." The very fact that he was slow to understand the meaning of the war has perhaps contributed to his power when he undertook the task of explaining that meaning. The phrase "to make the world safe for democracy" is one of those current coins which once put into circulation no power can get out again. Censorship is powerless to counteract such a slogan. The proposals of autonomy for the foreign peoples in Austria-Hungary and of full political freedom for the peoples of the Balkan States found, though more slowly, circulation among those peoples to whom in reality, though not in form, those proposals were addressed. They did not know what democracy means, but they did know that it means the overthrow of absolutism. To these appeals the desire for liberty responded. It became a hope.

The desire for liberty is not confined to any class or to any race, or even to any age. In the babe it is the trouble of the mother. In the schoolboy it is the problem of the teacher. It can be guided but never destroyed. It can be repressed for a time but not for all time. The autocrats of Europe made no attempt to guide it, and they could not destroy it. Repressed, the desire for liberty became a passion. Among the peoples discontent grew ominously. The fact that before the war the Social Democrats of Germany would have had a balance of power in the Reichstag if the Reichstag had possessed any power was itself threatening to their military masters; but their military masters could not understand because they did not wish to understand. The execution, first of scores, then of hundreds, of enlisted men inspired by that love for liberty does not repress that love or its expression. Said Gregory Mason in The Outlook of July 11, 1917: "In the true sense of the word, the elimination of the autocracy of Nicholas II in Russia was not a revolution. It was a collapse. The Czar's Government fell from sheer decay." The fact of that collapse could not be kept from the knowledge of the common people of Germany, Austria, and Hungary. It could not fail to inflame still further the desire for a similar collapse of the Governments which had ruled but had never served the people. The Revolution in Russia, which followed the collapse of the Czar's Government, showed to the powers in Germany and Austria, perhaps in Turkey also, the perils which impend. In Russia the despotism of the Czar has been followed by the despotism of a mob, and the despotism of a mob is for the time being worse than the despotism of an autocrat. But the despotism of a mob is never more than temporary. The despotism of an autocrat has often descended through many generations. German autocracy could maintain its power only by the support of the people whom it was holding in bondage. It has collapsed because it can hold the people in bondage no longer.

What I have desired to show to my readers in this article is that three forces have combined in bringing about the destruction of absolutism in Europe—the folly of the autocrats, the courageous devotion of the armed defenders of liberty, and the awakened aspirations and hopes of the hitherto subject peoples. These forces have without conscious co-operation contributed to a predestined end, and the result confirms what in these pages was said in the first week of the war: "We do not undertake to interpret the will or purpose of the Almighty. But we believe with Hegel that God has a plan, and that history is nothing but the working out of his plan in human affairs. And we believe that the Austrian Prime Minister and the German Emperor have made a fatal mistake in leaving this truth out of their reckoning in their endeavor to destroy the great democratic movement in Europe."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE NATION AT SCHOOL

From being the most individualistic of any of the great Powers, America has suddenly become probably the most Socialistic. The Government owns and operates our railways and our telegraphs, determines what transportation charges we must pay for ourselves and our goods, how many Pullman cars we may use, how many trains may be run, what wages must be paid to the employees. The Government determines how much coal we may buy and what price we must pay for it. It effectually decides, sometimes by order, sometimes by request, what foods we can market, and therefore what foods we may eat. It asks us to forego our Sunday trips in our automobiles that we may save gasoline for our allies, and we readily comply. Even the American's privilege of grumbling is taken away from him, not by imperial decree, but by patriotic public opinion. And now that autocracy has collapsed and peace has come we are beginning to ask whether we shall go back to individualism, or continue Socialistic, or find some middle ground between the two.

For example: Shall the Government continue to own and operate our railways? or shall it return the railways to the present owners and trust to competition to regulate prices and conveniences for travelers? or shall it return the railways to the owners and reorganize and develop a Government regulation of traffic and prices? or shall the Government own the railways and private enterprise operate them, as the New York City government owns the subway and a private corporation operates it? or, finally, is there some other scheme which ingenuity may discover and suggest for our consideration?

This is only one sample of a score of questions of analogous nature which are to be decided during the period of domestic reconstruction which will follow the close of the war. In deciding them President Wilson has no greater *power* than had Professor Wilson over similar questions twenty years ago. The people will welcome his opinion, but they will not confound opinion with decision. Indeed, President Wilson as a democrat cannot desire to decide these questions or to have the people accept his opinions as decisions. Congress will have the power to decide these questions, but only temporarily, for only as it represents the people will its decision abide. If it misrepresents the people, the people will have the power to undo its work and elect another Congress to formulate and register a different decision.

These questions are to be decided not for the people but by the people. They are to be discussed by the press, to be the theme of essays and orations in public meetings, to be debated in parlors, hotel lobbies, and smoking-cars, to be orated on by soap-box orators in public parks and on street corners. They will be treated in every language from the purest English to the Yiddish, and by members of every race from native-born Americans to just-landed Poles, Russians, and Arabians. We shall need, and we ought to welcome, the opinions of commercial cities, mining regions, factory towns, rural populations,

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of producers and consumers, of capitalists and workingmen, of college professors and the man on the street, of university graduates and illiterates, of judicial thinkers and prejudiced emotionalists, of individualists as extreme as Herbert Spencer and Socialists as extreme as Tolstoy. When the debate is ended and when the echoes of it have penetrated Congress, and Congress is ready to register the will of the Nation, whether that will is wise or foolish, the result will be: *self-government.*

And no government, however good, is any substitute for self-government, for no other government does so much to inform the mind, broaden the understanding, dissipate prejudices, and inspire that spirit of mutual respect which is the solvent of warlike animosities and the foundation of civic good fellowship and international peace.

HICKORIES AT DAWN

The Happy Eremite walked over to the barn through the crisp and sunlit air, past the pond where the ducks were splashing, past the young willows,

> "Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair
> Before them over their heads to dry in the sun,"

up-grade between the rows of raspberry bushes. He noticed that autumn had before him walked along that winding strip of roadway. A few berries still hung on the bushes, but the leaves were beginning to curl. Along the boundary fence the hickories were drying up; the great hickory that sheltered the children's playground was growing sparse, showing patches of blue sky through its withering foliage and giving the impression of a giant grown emaciated overnight with some invisible disease.

"Autumn comes starkly here," said the Happy Eremite to himself. "I wish we had maples on the place. They flame up before they go out. But these hickories die grimly without a word of blessing for anybody, like a rich old man who is leaving his money to nephews and nieces he despises."

He gazed about. To the north lay a patch of woods, looking wind-swept and desiccated. Down the glen the tall trees were flinging off colorless leaves; along the highway the ancient boughs appeared grim and senile.

"Nature has no pity here," he murmured. "Winter is on the way, and she makes no bones about saying so. Perhaps I am weak-spirited, but I wish she could break the news a little less frankly in terms of death and decay."

The New Baby woke him at five next morning. There was no more sleep for him, he knew, so he dressed and went out into the fresh dawn. A heavy mist shrouded the trees. Halfway to his study he stood still. The gray line of the east was growing bright, and as he turned his gaze westward he was conscious of a glow. Slowly it deepened. It was the great hickory above the playground. Like a mass of marvelous dull gold it emerged out of the mist. He watched breathlessly while the splendor grew, conscious that the hickories beyond it were glowing likewise. He turned. In the glade were great globes of old gold; the woods to the north shone as though from a light within.

Day came. The glow faded. The hickories were once more symbols of unlovely dying. But all day long the Happy Eremite, moving among men, said to himself, over and over again: "I know something that they don't know, I know something that they don't know, I know something—that—they—don't—know — — —."

IS AMERICA AN ALLY?

If America is not an Ally, what is it? And if it is an Ally, why is it that the phrase "the Allies *and* the United States," or some other phrase equivalent in meaning, is used over and over again in the formal terms of the armistice agreements with Germany and Austria? Why is the same phrase or its equivalent used in the note of President Wilson to Germany announcing that General Foch had authority to give Germany the terms of an armistice? Why is it that the same phrase or an equivalent is used meticulously and conspicuously in all of the recent official or semi-official utterances by Secretary Lansing at Washington? Why is it that for some time in the utterances of President Wilson the term "associates" has been frequently used where the term "Allies" might be expected?

If any explanation has been made of this singular way of speaking of the relations of the United States to France, Great Britain, and the other Powers with which the United States has joined forces in fighting and defeating the Hun, it has failed to attract our attention.

If the reason is merely some delicate shade of diplomatic technique, the why and wherefore should be stated in order to avoid misapprehension.

Surely it cannot be possible that the United States is something less than an Ally. This country has fought as an Ally, has won victory as an Ally, and it is as an Ally that it must take its place on equal terms with the other Allies at the Peace Council which will settle vast and vital world problems. In these problems, in assuring the safety of the world from aggression and autocracy, and in the establishing of liberty the world over, America will take its full share of responsibility as an Ally among Allies.

ANDREW DICKSON WHITE

We asked Dr. Whiton, the author of the following sketch of Dr. White, to prepare it, for two reasons. First, Dr. Whiton has been for many years a member of the staff of The Outlook. In point of years he is the oldest member of our staff. In the second place, Dr. Whiton and Dr. White were classmates in the famous class of '53 of Yale University. The class of '53 of Yale has been a notable one in the history of the alumni of that University. All Yale athletes are especially interested in the class of '53 because it got up the first intercollegiate regatta in this country, an enterprise which Dr. Whiton himself, who was bow oarsman of one of the Yale crews on that occasion, described in our columns a few years ago. We may perhaps add to what Dr. Whiton has written of Dr. White that it was probably because of the interest in athletics which Dr. White absorbed while an undergraduate (for he was a member of the same boat club to which Dr. Whiton belonged) that he, while at the head of affairs at Cornell, was always especially sympathetic with the remarkable athletic history of that University.—The Editors.

A NOBLE benefactor of our country, and thereby of the world, passed away, November 5, when Andrew D. White expired at Ithaca two days before his eighty-seventh birthday. No man of our time has so distinguished himself by high efficiency in diverse kinds of employment—educational, political, legislative, diplomatic—unified and inspired by one purpose, unhasting and unresting, to consecrate learning to the leadership of a purified and stable democracy in the path of national righteousness and international peace. "My ambition," said he, "whether I have succeeded or not, has been to set young men in trains of fruitful thought, to bring mature men into the line of right reason, and to aid in devising and urging needed reforms, in developing and supporting wise policies, and in building up institutions which shall strengthen what is best in American life." The pursuit of this ideal from his youth was his distinctive trait.

He visioned it when a freshman in Hobart College, Geneva. Having found in its library a volume on English universities illustrated with engravings, he began to dream of a seat of learning on the finest of the New York lakes. "This dream," he said, "became a sort of obsession." But his ideal was in vital points his own. Other studies than merely those of Cambridge and Oxford should be provided for modern needs. More remarkable was this: "My university should be under control of no single religious organization [as Hobart was]; it should be free from all sectarian or party trammels; in electing its trustees or professors no questions should be asked as to their belief or attachment to this or that sect or party." Through years of

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strenuous conflict with political demagogues and theological partisans he fought his way to the realization of that dream, and to the enviable distinction of being the foremost to modernize the American system of the higher education. Cornell University is his perpetual memorial as such. He said of it: "By the part I have taken in that more than by any other work of my life I hope to be judged."

Entering political life by his election to the Senate of New York, he found his opportunity in his fellow-Senator Ezra Cornell, with a different plan but an open-minded man. By a munificent land-grant to every State and Territory, Congress had virtually created a great educational fund. Cornell proposed to divide New York's share of it between two existing institutions; White, to devote it intact to a new institution fitted to the needs of the State and the country. To this he so tactfully converted his colleague on the committee in charge of the bill that Mr. Cornell not only gave his support to it but pledged to the proposed institution a site and $500,000 in addition to the land-grant endowment. Statues of its two co-creators as a finely embodied spiritual ideal face each other in the University quadrangle, silently eloquent of our country's debt to both.

Dr. White had picked out for its President one whom he deemed the fittest. In this he was overruled by Mr. Cornell and the Trustees at their first meeting in 1865, and "accepted provisionally" the office, which he held till his resignation in 1885.

Amid its arduous exactions he gave other important services to the State. Besides the reforms he carried through during his four years in the Senate he did much to shape public opinion by addresses in civic assemblies and attendance at party conventions. Whitelaw Reid, while our Ambassador at London, said to a Cornell graduate that he thought "Andrew D. White would deserve to occupy a unique place in American history, if only because of his singular capacity to impress on great numbers and various sorts of people his lofty ideals and distinctive opinions upon vital questions, so that even they who had been hostile to those views came, as it were, spontaneously to adopt them as their own, without knowing that they had gone through the process of being convinced."

Graduated at Yale in 1853, Mr. White was invited the next year by Governor Thomas Seymour to accompany him, then appointed our Minister to Russia, as an attaché of his Legation. The experience acquired in 1854–5 during this novitiate eminently qualified him for the important posts he filled under Presidents Grant, Hayes, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt. In 1870 he was one of the three Commissioners sent to Santo Domingo to report upon its proposed annexation; appointed in 1879 our Minister to Germany, he was transferred in 1892 to Russia; in 1897 appointed Ambassador to Berlin, he resigned in 1902 to avoid a breakdown of health. As Minister and Ambassador Dr. White served longer at Berlin than any of his predecessors. Fortunate it was for both nations that we had such a representative there while irritation burned in both during our quarrel with Spain. In reporting the farewell banquet given to him, a Berlin journal, "Die Woche," said: "Andrew D. White, having unweariedly devoted himself to promote friendship between the two nations, had won respect and love in all spheres of society." His appointment to the Hague Peace Conference in 1899 and his beneficent influence as president of the American delegation fitly rounded out a public life devoted to promoting the public good at home and abroad.

"He being dead yet speaketh," not only through men and women he has inspired and trained, but by what we may term "wisdom books," as the Hebrews termed Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, etc. First among them came his "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology." This grew from a book of 151 pages in 1876 to two octavo volumes in 1896, together numbering 900 pages. Another is his "Seven Great Statesmen." Of outstanding value is his "Autobiography." Written expressly for his children and grandchildren, it has a value for all his countrymen not surpassed by any other American autobiography. What it teaches was well summarized in President Roosevelt's letter to Dr. White when resigning his post at Berlin: "You have been able to serve your country as it has been served by but a very limited number of people in your generation. . . . You have adhered to a lofty ideal, and yet have been absolutely practical, and therefore efficient; so that you are a perpetual example to young men how to avoid alike the Scylla of indifference and the Charybdis of efficiency for the wrong."

Personally, Andrew D. White was characterized by unaffected modesty, genial simplicity, wide and warm sympathies, and hatred of all sham, unreality, and wrong. Brilliant in his conversation, enriched with ample stores of information, wide experience of men, and sparkling with anecdote and humor, he was above all else thoroughly lovable. A few years ago one whom he loved, quoting a stanza of Tennyson, applied it to him in anticipation of what has now come to pass, and wished that he might live—

> "Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
> Her lavish mission richly wrought,
> Leaving great legacies of thought,
> Thy spirit should fail from off the globe."

JAMES MORRIS WHITON.

PREACH MODESTY

The following statement has come to us in the form of a letter from a distinguished American engineer, who has done some notable construction work in the United States and who has just returned from France, where he has seen more than a year's service as an officer of the American Army. The note of warning he sounds is timely and deserves attention. We know him and assure our readers that he speaks with responsibility and authority, although for obvious reasons his name cannot be mentioned here.—THE EDITORS.

UNDOUBTEDLY, when the history of the great war is soberly analyzed in the future, one of the primary elements that caused the war will be found to be the inordinate conceit of the Germans. Conceit and modesty are diametrically opposite qualities of the human mind, and where one produces distrust, unhappiness, and disgust, the other produces confidence, admiration, and decency in human affairs. America is conceded the world over to have a very large population and an abnormal endowment of natural resources as compared with the balance of the earth; but since these facts are conceded, we do not need to exploit and constantly to reiterate them.

Unfortunately for us, for many years we have been accused of being a boastful Nation, and in quite a considerable degree we have lived up to this reputation in the present war by making in different ways claims to miraculous achievements both at home and abroad.

In America in 1914 there was a considerable portion of our people who saw that the world war was of vital concern to America, and this minority was able to lead a great majority of our people into a realization that America could not be isolated by an ocean and that America would inevitably come into the conflict and thus take some sort of a place in a new association of nations. The question of just what this place will be is one that is uppermost in the minds of every serious-minded person. The successful solution of this problem will require that all of the premises that we in America build upon must be correct and not false, otherwise our position will be a hindrance instead of a help proportionate to the amount of error there is in our facts and reasoning thereon. We find ourselves associated with three other Great Powers—Great Britain, France, and Italy—and manifestly our first duty with these associates should be to show to them that we have a correct estimate as to the amount of their contribution and our contribution to victory. If we take a position with our associates that is out of harmony with the respective contributions in the conflict, we shall not only fail to maintain the respect of these wonderful people, but we shall deeply offend them and lose their friendship. The consequences of such a loss would be a

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tremendous injury not only to ourselves but to the world in general.

It has been apparent for some time to thoughtful observers who have been in France for any considerable period that the readers of American newspapers and magazines were being given a magnified idea of the actual accomplishments of the American Expeditionary Forces in France. American people have been given to understand that on the engineering side, for instance, great engineering achievements have been accomplished in France, and that these achievements are proper foundation for abnormal pride both at home and abroad, and that our French and British associates have been astonished at our engineering work. Statements have been made to the American people through the press and by word of mouth that at least one, sometimes it is said to be two, double-track railways have been built from the coast to the front; and yet the fact is that no such construction has ever been started. When the war is over and the extent of our engineering construction is actually seen, it will be found that the amount or character thereof is no adequate foundation for unusual home pride or boastfulness.

The foregoing statements are not in any sense a criticism of American engineers, of their patriotism or of their ability. The simple facts are that they were not called upon to do anything heroic or unusual, and those who know are aware that the greatest engineering achievements on the other side in the war have been accomplished by the French and British.

On the question of our participation in the fighting it is illuminating to compare our casualty lists with those of the British, French, Belgian, Russian, and Italian armies. [Allowance, however, should be made in looking at these percentages for the comparatively short time during which American forces were on the fighting front and for their small number during much of that time.—THE EDITORS.] Such a comparison will show that the number of our dead and wounded is less than two per cent of the total sacrifices made by our Allies. It is a matter of history that during the last four years the French and British casualties have more than once been greater in one week than we have had to suffer for the entire war. It is well known in France that General Pershing and many other of the best men under him are doing everything they can to keep our people at home from a boastful spirit and to have a modest view prevail of what has been accomplished by the American Army in France.

We should be over-generous in our allotment of credit to the Allies, and we can afford to be ultra-modest in all our speech and actions with these nations who have suffered to a degree hitherto unknown in history. We can take this modest view without in any way minimizing the importance of what we have done. Let our Allies do the praising; and the Lord knows they will be grateful and generous. That our soldiers have shown a bravery second to none we can have a justified pride in, and that there has been splendid discipline in the American Army in France, and that America could have done vastly more than it did do if it had not been deprived of the ability to make a better showing by our ignorance of the war game and by our pitiful unpreparedness, are conclusions that we should intelligently give study to in the future.

Deep down in their hearts the Allies will always feel that we were frightfully slow in realizing our indebtedness to them. We can go a long way in earning their forgiveness for our tardy entry by adding to what we have already done a great, big-hearted, modest, wise assistance throughout the long reconstruction period that must now slowly heal the war wounds everywhere in England and on the Continent. We are entitled to the great consolation that if we had not entered the war in 1917, and thus given the Allies our support, the Allies' and our cause would have been lost. Similarly we are entitled to pride in the fact that at Château Thierry and other places where our men were given an opportunity they were as good fighters as could be found anywhere. Our allies everywhere admit that this demonstration restiffened the spirit of the French, British, and Italian armies, so enabling the Allies under the direction of General Foch to go forward and crush the Germans. But our actual participation in the final struggle was relatively too small to justify some of the overstatements that have been made to the American people through the American press. I hope The Outlook will preach modesty as a prerequisite for our effective service in the work of reconstruction.

THE PATRIOTISM OF THE NEGRO CITIZEN

In articles and by editorial report and comment, The Outlook has told of the patriotism and service of the Negro as a soldier; notably in the article about "The Buffaloes," the first-class colored fighting regiment (367th Infantry). It is equally true that the Negro has supported the war as a citizen and as a contributor to relief funds and subscriber to loans. The two articles which follow give interesting evidence of this fact.—THE EDITORS.

I—FIFTY THOUSAND AND FIFTY MILLION

A LIBERTY LOAN SKETCH

BY ROBERT R. MOTON

PRINCIPAL OF TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE

"I'm sometimes up,
I'm sometimes down,
Oh, yes, Lord.
I'm sometimes almost level with the ground.
Oh, yes, Lord."

THESE are some lines from a famous Negro folk song which we sometimes sing when in a somewhat despondent mood. These lines frequently express, even now, the emotions of my race, and, I suspect, often of some white people too.

I attended a very significant gathering of something like a thousand men, under the auspices of the Fifth Avenue Association, at the Waldorf Astoria, in New York City, Monday, October 14. The gathering was a diplomatic luncheon. The object was to sell twenty-two million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. The meeting was presided over by a master of business as well as a master of men, and one who represents the highest ideals of American citizenship, Mr. Charles M. Schwab, whom President Wilson, with his usual rare foresight, placed at the head of the United States Shipping Board. In a simple, direct, brief, yet forceful address, Mr. Schwab stated the object of the meeting; told of the work the Shipping Board had done, described how American labor as well as capital had combined in ship-building to the extent that the submarine had been practically put out of business, speaking in a way to bring that audience of dignified bankers, merchants, etc., to its feet with such cheers and enthusiasm as one seldom witnesses except perhaps at a college football game. It was an *orderly disorderly* crowd. Mr. Schwab said, among other things: "We have entered upon a social war, in which the aristocracy of the future will be men who have done something for humanity and for their nations. There will be no rich or poor classes. The rich men are learning this—and I am a rich man, I'm told. But there has never been a time in my life that I had the sense of possession or that my riches gave me any happiness. It is the doing of something useful that has made me happy." In about an hour that audience subscribed fifty-two million dollars in Liberty Bonds, and

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then the meeting adjourned to permit those present to attend the launching of two ships.

I left the magnificence of the hotel and the enthusiasm of the party, feeling proud of my country and proud of my citizenship therein. That was one of the times when, in the words of the song, I felt that I was "up."

As I walked down Thirty-fourth Street towards Broadway and Sixth Avenue, unconscious of the noonday crowd which was surging past me, I remembered that I was to participate in another Liberty Loan meeting the next day, among my humble, far-from-wealthy, and yet reasonably comfortable, but nevertheless patriotic people. I suspected that at the Liberty Loan meeting in Harlem there would be present perhaps three or four thousand of my own race, and I wondered if in two hours four thousand of my people in New York could raise ten thousand dollars. I hoped they would raise fifty-two thousand—a thousand for each million raised by the leading business men and the real captains of American industry at the Waldorf. I felt reasonably sure that they could not raise $52,000 in one meeting. This was one of the times when I was "down" in my spirits and "almost level with the ground."

According to arrangements made by an excellent committee composed of both white and colored people, a great audience of black people, with perhaps a hundred white people, assembled the next evening at the Palace Casino in Harlem. A parade of the Fifteenth Regiment of the New York State Guard, under Colonel William Jay Schieffelin, preceded the meeting.

I do not know how many people were present; no one knows—some said three thousand, others said five thousand; this we are sure of, the hall was filled to its capacity. That was also an *orderly disorderly* crowd. The presiding officer, Colonel Schieffelin, was fittingly introduced by Mr. John E. Nail, a successful Negro real estate dealer in Harlem, who in turn, in a short but effective address, outlined the object of the meeting. There were several other very brief and telling addresses, by Mr. James W. Johnson, contributing editor of the New York "Age;" by Mr. J. F. Leech, of the New York Liberty Loan Committee; and by Captain Marcel Knecht, who served two years with the French army, after which he came over with the French High Commission. The Principal of Tuskegee Institute also spoke.

In a comparatively short while, amid as much enthusiasm and patriotism per individual and as much of genuine American spirit, expressed perhaps differently, and with as much disorderly order as I had witnessed a few hours before at the Waldorf, sixty thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds had been subscribed for by that audience. Then I was neither "up" nor "down."

I asked myself, "What is sixty thousand dollars against fifty million?" But then when I looked over the audience I shared the irresistible enthusiasm of the true Americanism which manifested itself by that throng of people. And when I thought of the love and devotion of that audience and the millions whom they represent, and as I remembered how the mention of the flag and loyalty, and President Wilson, and our boys in France, white and black, and General Foch and General Pershing, brought that mass of humanity to its feet; and when I thought of the yearnings and longings and strivings of that audience for right and justice; and the efforts they and their brethren North and South are making in schools, on the farms, in shops, in factories, in domestic service; and of the increasing sympathy and co-operation they are receiving from their white friends of both sections to fit them for democracy; and as a black man, yearning and struggling with them for all that is true, for all that is best and noblest in American civilization, and knowing how sincere they were in their desire for the real freedom of all humanity and the ultimate triumph of right, my pride in my race was again deepened.

That was one of the moments when I was "*up*"—"*away up*"—because I knew that the audience, composed of the rank and file of the laboring people of my race, out of their devotion and patriotism had been as responsive as the million-dollar audience. I realized fully that sixty thousand dollars from that audience meant as much in devotion and in loyalty to the Old Flag as the fifty-two millions taken at the Waldorf represented. The magnificent gathering at the Waldorf of some of America's greatest captains of industry and finance, out of their abundance and with true American spirit, did their best; the significant gathering at the Palace Casino, not of captains of industry or masters of finance, but largely of laborers and representatives of a cramped and as yet more or less poverty-stricken people, did their best, and I knew that both groups, one white, one black, were yearning for the triumph of human rights and the crushing forever of autocracy and all of the representatives of inhumanity wherever found.

And then when I thought of how our Tuskegee teachers, out of their all too meager salaries, had subscribed twelve thousand dollars to the Fourth Liberty Loan, and how a few of us from Tuskegee went out on a Sunday afternoon during the drive to several of the gatherings and church services of the colored farmers in our own county here in Alabama, and how readily these humble people in true American fashion had subscribed for seven thousand dollars' worth of bonds, their spirit, while not exactly of almsgiving, reminded me of the sentiment in that beautiful passage of Lowell's,

> "Not what we give, but what we share,
> For the giver without the gift is bare;
> Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

I could not but feel that my people by their contribution, their loyalty, and their spirit along all lines, realized fully that they are heirs of America, and that as such they must be sharers of her struggles as well as partakers of her glory.

The fine spirit of Northern and Southern people, of white and colored people, infused me with new life, gave birth to new hope for my country's ultimate triumph and glory; and I was able to look into the future and behold the great opportunities of America, united on essentials of justice and human brotherhood, and I was still exceedingly glad to be a NEGRO AMERICAN.

II—HOW THE SOUTHERN NEGRO IS SUPPORTING THE GOVERNMENT

BY KATE M. HERRING

DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY, NORTH CAROLINA WAR SAVINGS COMMITTEE

WHAT to do with the Negro in the War Savings Campaign was one of the most puzzling questions that confronted the National Committee. The proposition to apportion to each State its allotment of War Savings Certificates on the basis of twenty dollars per capita was earnestly objected to by representatives from the South. They claimed that this method of determining the quotas was inequitable to the South for the reason that a large part of its population consists of Negroes, and that they cannot buy an average of twenty dollars per capita of War Savings Certificates. They urged the Committee to put the apportionment upon some other basis than population. But the Committee was obdurate and held the South to the same basis of apportionment as other sections.

When the National War Savings Committee saw fit not to make the Negro an issue or an exception in the War Savings Campaign, but to consider him an American citizen with responsibilities the same as other citizens, all the States of the South, except South Carolina, proceeded with their campaigns, altogether ignoring race. South Carolina, however, made a reapportionment of her quota, assigning to the Negroes only two dollars per capita and to the white people enough over twenty dollars to make up the balance. North Carolina made no distinction between the races, expecting Negroes to invest twenty dollars per capita in War Savings Certificates the same as white people.

One of the first things to be attempted by the North Carolina War Savings Committee was to plan for the colored people. The State Director asked each of his county chairmen to name the most representative and influential Negro in his county to

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be called to a conference to make plans for promoting the War Savings Campaign among the Negroes. As a result of this conference the State was divided into ten districts, in each of which a leading Negro was appointed supervisor of the War Savings activities. In addition to this, separate War Savings headquarters for the colored people, with a capable colored man as executive secretary, were established. This office has been in close touch with and operated under the supervision of State headquarters for the white people.

In North Carolina very much the same educational work has been done for the Negroes as for the whites. The colored War Savings Committee considered that the greatest need of the colored people was to be informed both as to what War Savings securities were and what they as patriotic citizens should do about them. One of the first efforts of the Committee to educate their people in thrift as well as patriotism was to issue the following leaflet:

TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF NORTH CAROLINA—GREETING

Our interests are collective, but they are also racial and individual. They are indissolubly wrapped up in the issues of the war. If the United States and her allies win, it will be, in an important sense, our victory, and will herald the dawn of a new day. If the enemy win, it will be, in a vital sense, our loss, and will betoken the approach of another long night of gloom.

You must see this matter from the point of view that your individual, personal attitude and activity MUST and WILL help to win this war, or lose it. YOU CANNOT BE NEUTRAL! You cannot say as Pilate: "I wash my hands of this matter." To assume an attitude of indifference or even of passive sympathy is to give comfort and help to the enemy. "HE THAT IS NOT FOR US IS AGAINST US!"

HOW YOU CAN HELP

1. Conserve speech. Be careful to utter no word calculated to beget mischief.
2. Conserve food. Waste no flour, sugar, meat, or other staples.
3. Conserve fuel. Burn no more wood, coal, gas, or oil than comfort and safety require.
4. Conserve time and energy. Find some useful, gainful employment. Do some constructive work putting in full time.
5. Conserve money. Save every penny of your money and buy Thrift and War Savings Stamps. By so doing you will develop self-reliance, independent manhood and womanhood, and become a creditor to the Government. You will fire a deadly missile at the enemy.

Your Thrift and War Savings Stamps are the best investment in the world. They are mortgages on the United States of America. They are tangible evidence of your loyalty. They insure the success of our Army.

Our fathers left us a proud heritage of faithfulness, patriotism, and valor, but for the first time in our history we are called upon to help furnish the sinews of war. Shall we be less faithful, patriotic, and valorous? A thousand times, No!

Patriotic meetings of colored people have been held in their schools, churches, and community centers, at which War Savings speeches were made by both white and colored field workers. War Savings Societies have been organized in their day schools, Sunday schools, churches, lodges, and working places the same as among white people. In fact, the first War Savings Society organized in the State was among colored people. This was the Warren Place War Savings Society, at Pendleton, Northampton County, and was composed of the tenants of the Warren plantation. The President and moving spirit of this organization is W. J. Lassiter, a Negro tenant, who subscribed $200 to the War Savings Campaign and who has already bought that amount.

Few white citizens of the State have given more liberally of their time and money than a score or more of loyal colored citizens. Negro educators, ministers, and business men of ability have labored unceasingly and without remuneration to arouse their people to a full sense of their full duty toward the Government's requests and to their responsibilities as American citizens. Prominent among those who have labored most faithfully to carry the gospel of thrift and patriotism to the people of their race, even in the remote corners of the State, are: Dr. R. B. McCrary, a leading business man of his race and Chairman of the Colored War Savings Committee; S. G. Atkins, Principal of the Slater Normal School, Winston-Salem, and Executive Secretary of the Colored War Savings Committee; C. S. Brown, Principal of the Watters Normal School, Winton; T. S. Inborden, Principal of the Bricks School, Enfield; Bishop G. W. Clinton, A. M. E. Church, Charlotte; H. L. McCrory, W. H. Coler, Colonel James H. Young, John Merrick, E. G. Storey, S. H. Vick, and C. M. Epps—men of prominence and ability.

Colored people have considered and accepted the calls that have come to them in the War Savings Campaign as privileges of service and as a direct summons from the Government. The quick and whole-hearted response made by the Negroes of Greene County in the pledge drive of June 23–28 illustrates this fact.

Early one morning in June Ambrose Best was notified that he had been appointed chairman of an adjoining township to raise the War Savings quota of the colored people of the township in pledges. On receiving his summons he left his mule and plow in the field in the hands of his young son, and went afoot over into the township assigned to him. Before sunset he had visited every colored person's home and actually had secured an over-subscription of his allotment.

Jesse Williams was another colored township chairman of Greene County who on June 28 was not found deserting his post. He arranged for a schoolhouse meeting Friday night, and kept his audience until three o'clock in the morning signing War Savings pledges. As a result of his energy and enthusiasm he raised his War Savings quota in pledges three times over.

As a result of all these activities of the colored people in the War Savings Campaign, the records show that they have bought and have pledged to buy War Savings Stamps far more extensively in comparison with their ability than the white people.

From inquiries made of War Savings directors of other Southern States, it appears that their experience with the Negro has been not unlike North Carolina's. Florida reports that the ten counties in that State making the best showing in the War Savings pledge drive in June had from forty to fifty per cent colored population, and that the ten counties making the poorest showing had from thirty to forty per cent colored population. Mississippi reported that the Negroes of that State have given a support to the campaign that in proportion to their means equaled or surpassed that of the white people. Unofficial reports from other Southern States show that the record of the Negro, in the loyal support he has given the War Savings Campaign, has been extremely gratifying. Apparently the misgiving in the beginning lest the Negro would handicap the directors of the Southern States in raising their quotas on a basis of population was unfounded. On the contrary, it would seem that the loyal support of the Negro has more than made up for his poverty.

In justice to the Negro as well as to enthusiastic War Savings workers, particularly pledge canvassers, it can be and should be said that the spirit to coerce the Negro into buying and subscribing for War Savings Stamps has not existed, not even in individual cases, in North Carolina. No threats, scares, or other means of intimidation have been used to make him pledge or buy either in keeping with or beyond his ability. On the other hand, wherever the Negro has been informed as to his duty as a patriotic American citizen, regardless of other calls, he has responded most liberally and cheerfully. It has been a noticeable fact that he responded most readily to the patriotic appeal. The plea that Uncle Sam needed him to uphold his hands while he delivered the blow that would crush the Hun was argument enough for him. The plea that War Savings Stamps are a good investment, that they bear four per cent compound interest and are non-taxable, meant not half so much to the average Negro as the fact that Uncle Sam and the boys at the front needed him and his money to drive back the Germans across the Rhine and to make the world safe for women and children.

But the real explanation of the Negro's co-operation and success in the War Savings Campaign in North Carolina lies in the fact that he has been recognized as an American citizen and given responsibilities the same as white men. Moreover, he has been made to realize the opportunities that have come to him through this call of the Government, and, like the colored soldier at the front, he has responded in a spirit of service and sacrifice that marks him a worthy patriot.

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THE FIDDLER OF BERLIN

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

"And there came a Fiddler, whose name was Truth"

Night, and a black pall over the city,
  Mist, and the wind's cry, shrill and thin—
Who is he who goes in pity
  With his fiddle under his chin?
His brow is grave, his eyes are stern,
  A slow dawn wreathes his hair,
And the music he makes shivers and shakes
Like hands the high windows where misery wakes,
And, faint as breath on a bubble, breaks
  The dying lamp on the stair.

Winds, and blown fogs over the city.
  Lo, the white-faced, huddled throng!
Who is he who goes in pity,
  Fiddling his terrible song?
The babes in their mothers' arms
  Hear it, wide-eyed;
And the children come in swarms
  And run at his side,
Hearing the silken, sad refrain
Of the fiddler's magical, tragical strain,
Warm as the wind and soft as the rain
  And terrible as the tide.

Out of the houses the women come,
  Mothers and daughters and wives.
From loving and remembering numb,
White through the night, the women come,
  Bearing the shards of their lives.
Lo, the fiddler plays his song
  Of madness and defeat,
And out of the houses the women throng
  And follow him down the street.

And the dead, the dead arise and come!
  Pallid from burden-bearing
The sons of the drum from slumber come
  With eyes like torches flaring.
From their gory bed the battle-dead
  Rise up, resolved and strong,
And follow the shimmering, glimmering thread
  Of the fiddler's terrible song.

The children moan, the women cry,
  The ghosts wail like the wind.
But the fiddler's eye is fixed on high
  And he heeds not the host behind.
But loud as the roaring tide in flood
He plays his terrible chant of God.
And the houses crumble and fall,
  And the steeples reel like ships,
And the rulers rush from the council-hall
  With wild cries on their lips.
Lo, the fiddler plays his high refrain
Over and over and over again . . .

But the rulers and their boasts
Are trampled under the feet of his hosts,—
  The feet of fatherless children,
And broken women, and ghosts.

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WHY THE GERMANS HAVE DEEMED THEMSELVES SUPERIOR

BY JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR OF PSYCHOLOGY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

THE readiness of the German mind to be fascinated by imposing theory and its training in patient elaboration of detail make common cause with the propagandist spirit which has infected Teutonized scholars, dulling their insight and distorting their conclusions. The claims of the super-nation must be *wissenschaftlich* established. That *Deutschland* is *über alles* must be elaborately deduced from the laws of human nature and the lessons of history. The backbone of the German pretensions, the prop of the pan-German ambitions, is the doctrine of Teutonic superiority. Belief in German superiority in the form of *Massen-suggestion*—as they call the mote which they discover in their neighbors' vision, insensitive of their own obscuring beam—is the dominant delusion of *Mania Teutonica*.[1]

This strange doctrine has a strange history. Originating in France, where the Gallic good sense gave it slight attention, it was resurrected a generation later and enshrined by German propagandists. Joseph Arthur, Count Gobineau, at the age of thirty-seven, wrote a four-volume "Essay on the Inequality of Human Races" (1853–5). The thesis of racial superiority, aristocratically applied, became the dominant theme of his philosophy and his career, the two combining in a dramatic climax. A French critic calls him "an enthusiastic, creative, aristocratic rebel;" as such he lived with a quixotic consistency and died in 1882, known only to a small though influential circle, old, embittered, and despondent, at the age of sixty-six, and in blissful ignorance of the use to which his legacy was to be put in inciting the world catastrophe of 1914.

Strangely enough, it was de Tocqueville, the pioneer interpreter of American democracy in Europe, who launched the brilliant, scholarly, and versatile young aristocrat upon a diplomatic career by making him his chief of staff when, in 1848, he became Minister of Foreign Affairs. After holding minor positions at Berne, Hanover, and Frankfort, Gobineau went in 1853 as Secretary, and again in 1861 as Minister, to Persia. Gobineau's sustained interest was in Oriental language, history, and culture. He wrote "Three Years in Asia," "The Religions and Philosophies of Central Asia," "History of Persia," "Asiatic Novels." In 1864 he became Minister to Greece, in 1868 to Brazil (where he became the firm friend of Dom Pedro), in 1872 to Sweden. Meanwhile the crisis of 1870 had brought him back to France. As Mayor of Trye he secured concessions for his fellow-citizens from the invading Prussians, but declined with aristocratic disdain to take a direct part in the representative government then forming. For Gobineau was primarily and consistently in thought and practice an aristocrat, true to the ancient régime, convinced of the inherent justice and right of privilege attaching to birth, as a corollary of the division into masters and slaves which nature had decreed for the human species. Only the dominant by race should rule, as only one dominant race had been able through the ages to create and maintain a worthy civilization. The deeds of great races and great individuals—the elect supermen—appealed to him. He found inspiration in the commanding figures of the Renaissance; the careers of Savonarola, Cæsar Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, and Michael Angelo, portrayed in five dramatic scenes, constitute his most widely read work, "The Renaissance" (1877), five times translated into German.

The most personal of his writings is "The History of Ottar Jarl, Norwegian Pirate, Conqueror of the Country of Bray in Normandy, and of His Descendants" (1879). Convinced that the Aryan was the superior race, and that the Germanic races were the best surviving Aryans of the modern world, and the Scandinavian the purest of these, he was concerned to find for himself a Norse ancestry. By a free use of romance, tradition, and record, he prepared a family tree beginning with the rich and adventurous Norwegian merchant of the fifth century and ending with the advocate of the inequality of race in the nineteenth. He makes Ottar Jarl a "son of kings," of the royal race of Inglingas, descendants of Odin. A feud with the ruler of the realm sent Ottar to Normandy, where he established the feudal house of Gournay. A scion of the house in the twelfth century took the name of Gauvin (Gawain) in admiration of the brilliant nephew of King Arthur; the name replaced his own in the diminutive form Gauvinot—hence Gobineau. The story is told that on a visit to the island of Skaeren, near Stockholm, Gobineau pointed to a bold rock and exclaimed: "There stood the castle of Ottar. I feel it; this is the home of my ancestors!" The same genealogical conviction led to his purchase of the château of the Gournays at Trye-en-Vixen, to regain what he considered his ancient family estate. But for his meeting with Richard Wagner (in Rome, 1876) the story of Gobineau would have ended here.

The Gobineau shrine is a room in the library of the University of Strassburg. There have been collected his personal effects, his books, his manuscripts, examples of his sculpture—for his versatility extended to the arts. From this source are issued the publications of the Gobinistische Vereinigung, a society of patriotic Gobinists of more than two hundred members, including many distinguished names of Germany, but only two or three of his own country. Gobineau's personal effects were bequeathed to the Countess de la Tour, the French wife of the Italian Minister to Stockholm at the time of his residence there. Later they became the property of Professor Scheman, the founder and leader of the Gobinist Society, and from him they were purchased for twenty thousand marks in behalf of the University of Strassburg, there to remind the Alsatians of German superiority.

This sequence of events may be traced to Richard Wagner. Gobineau's "Renaissance" kindled Wagner's enthusiasm; in the theories of a superior race he found the sanction of his own Germanic hero worship. Their friendship led to Gobineau's visit to Wagner at Bayreuth; it was in returning to Italy from Bayreuth that Gobineau died suddenly in Turin. Wagner's eulogy of the Count appeared in the "Bayreuther Blätter."

It was Wagner's son-in-law, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, an Englishman, who became the extravagant popularizer of Germanic superiority—out-Teutonizing the Teutons. It was Wagner who made of Professor Scheman the devoted disciple of Gobinism as a Germanic movement. A misconstrued Frenchman, a renegade Englishman, brought together by a Germanic enthusiast, a master musician of the modern world; such are the ironic instruments of fate!

Gobineau's authentic conclusions and the propagandist distortion of them that circulates in Germany must be distinguished. Gobineau sought the cause of the decline of the great civilizations of the past; he found it in race. There had been only one race capable of creating and maintaining civilization: the great Aryan race, its home in the East, and under the banner of conquest moving westward. The cause of the decline is intermixture with the other and inferior stocks. If Darius could have filled his ranks with true Aryans, or if the Romans of the later Empire had been of the same purity of race as in the early days of Roman greatness, their dominion would have endured forever. History is a processional conquest of race. It is also a constant adulteration of Aryan blood, which eventually becomes too thin and hybrid to offset the decadence of the lower racial stock. The world is doomed to become a vast hybrid of democratic mediocrity, foreshadowing the tragic end of civilization, when "human herds, no longer nations, weighed down by a mournful somnolence, will henceforth be benumbed in their nullity, like buffaloes ruminating in the stagnant meres of the Pontine marshes." This pessimistic outlook, which appealed to Schopenhauer, gives no hint of a Germanic redemption, as Wagner poetically and the Teutonizers politically projected.

The scientific assumptions running through Gobineau's four volumes are, first, that races are unequal by decree of nature; second, that the Aryan is the only superior race, all others inferior; third, that mixture of race rapidly lowers human quality and is the source of decline. On all these points the

[1] See the article under this title in The Outlook of January 9, 1918.

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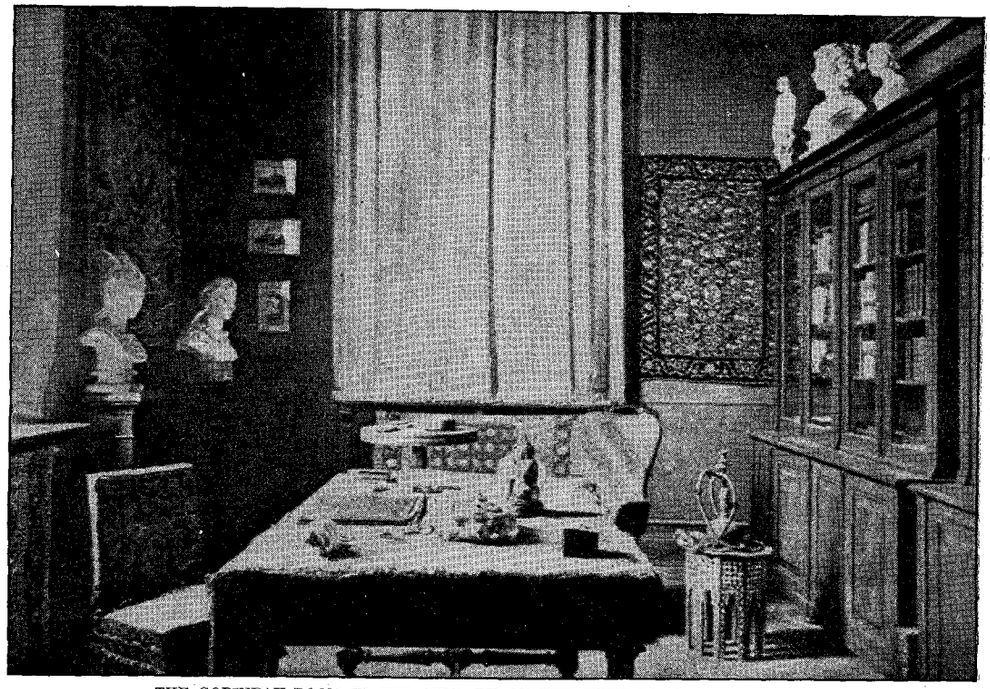
PORTRAIT OF COUNT GOBINEAU AS A YOUNG MAN

The materials for the famous "Essay on the Inequality of Human Races" were gathered while Gobineau was a student at Paris; he was thirty-seven years old when he published the four-volume essay



THE GOBINEAU ROOM IN THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF STRASSBURG

This room contains the manuscripts of Count Gobineau's works, copies of his books and of the literature growing out of the movement which followed his clue. It contains also a portrait of Gobineau by the Countess de la Tour, his personal effects reminiscent of his residence in Persia, and examples of his sculptures. The dedication of a room to the memory of Gobineau in a university to which the German Government attaches strategic importance indicates his position in the esteem of Germany

ethnologist of to-day takes an opposite position. Racial differences are real, but their extent is readily exaggerated; biologically considered, racial resemblances far outweigh racial differences. The racial affinity of the so-called Aryans is wholly a matter of speculation; the distribution of their descendants among the peoples of modern Europe, all of them hopelessly mixed in strain, is so nearly alike that any suggestion of superiority is assumption; the notion of purity is false, and what evidence there is indicates that race mixture improves the stock.

Gobineau's thesis implies a constancy of racial traits—which again is questioned by the science of to-day—and a definite association of bodily form with mental and moral qualities, which is demonstrably unsound. It implies that black and white minds and morals are as inherently and eternally different as black and white skins. To Gobineau the thesis was the key to historical development; it determined as well his political views and his personal philosophy of life. The propagandist use of his conclusions would have shocked Gobineau as decidedly as it arouses our determination to put an end to the régime that justifies the greatest crime in history by a foul and specious philosophy.

The evidence of this is found in a strange episode in the story of Gobinism, of peculiar interest to Americans. Even in the propagandist use of the "Essay on Inequality" the Germans are not original. The revival of interest in Gobineau as the quarry which Teutonic race-gospelers had raided brought forth an English edition (1916) of the "Essay" that has become famous. It was not, however, the first English translation; an English version (now rare) was published in Philadelphia in 1856, and why? To be used as a propagandist argument for slavery. The scientific proof of the inferiority of the Negro was an attractive instrument in the hands of slaveholders. The translation is due to Dr. Nott, of Mobile, Alabama, joint author with Dr. Glidden of the "Types of Mankind," an ambitious ethnological work, based, like Gobineau's, upon the idea of permanence of human types. A Swiss by the name of Hotz was engaged for the translation; his frank letters to Count Gobineau are published by the Gobinistische Vereinigung. "The subject you are treating is the sore point of the nation; it is the rock upon which the vessel of state will wreck one day, perhaps ere very long. . . . Of course I speak of slavery; and, though your work never alludes to this bone of contention among us, you will understand the intimate connection of the question you agitate and those which make the so-called Union anything but what its name implies."

The political propagandist had other troubles; if the Negro is to be deprived of all rights and hope of salvation, religion will protest. "The united Protestant churches, and especially the Presbyterian, are bitterly opposed to the slightest intimation of original diversity. The Calvinistic dogma of hereditary sin is thereby threatened, the authority of the Bible is impugned. Now, in spite of our innumerable *isms*, our spirit rappings, and woman's rights, etc., we are a very religious people" Hotz was also alarmed at Gobineau's pessimistic prophecy of the "gradual degeneracy of the whole human race, and their final extinction." "I tried the experiment in intelligent private circles and was appalled at the result. I have therefore expunged every trace of it from the English version. When the book has once established its reputation on a firm basis, as it necessarily must, a more correct version may appear. Believe me, then, that I have honestly and to the best of my abilities consulted the spirit of the nation for which I was writing. I have conscientiously sacrificed what appeared of doubtful utility to what was essential and of immense practical importance."

A Prussian could do no better, except in concealing as well as glorifying his motives. Gobineau refers to Hotz in a letter to a friend: "Do you not admire our friends the Americans who believe I encourage them to murder their Negroes, and praise me to the skies, and will not translate the part of the book that refers to the matter?" The Atlanta group were not the only American Gobinists. Dr. Meigs, of Philadelphia, wrote to Gobineau that he had read the "Essay" ten times; that, whelmed by the experiences of the Civil War, he "should have died" but for Gobineau's deliverance. The "Essay" "should be made a text-book for all schools and colleges of Christendom."

We are more genuinely interested in de Tocqueville's opinion of Gobinism. "Do you not see," he wrote in the course of a long correspondence, "that from your doctrine naturally arise all the evils of inequality, pride, violence, tyranny, contempt of one's neighbors, and slavery in every form?" "We belong to two different camps, camps that absolutely exclude one another." For de Tocqueville declined to look upon the human species as "a horde of bastards which you think it, a horde which consequently should be handed over without future hope of help to a small number of herdsmen or keepers who, after all, are not better than we are, and sometimes may even be worse. With your kind permission, I beg to say that I have less confidence in you than in the goodness and justice of our Father in heaven."

The persistent issue of aristocratic absolutism and democratic

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self-determination is the world decision of to-day. The striking fact remains that the same arguments now mutilated to prove the Germans superior were similarly abused to prove the Negro inferior.

There is one link in the chain that unites Gobineau with the doctrinal sources of German superiority that deserves mention, especially as it is free from the propagandist taint: the relation of Gobineau to Nietzsche. Both writers were cruelly misunderstood; the intention and the application of the doctrines which they espoused differ widely and inexcusably. Nietzsche and Gobineau agree in their views on decadence, in their anti-Christian attitude, also in a distinctly unfavorable view of the Germans of their day and generation. Nietzsche laid himself open to the abuse of the idea of the superman, the dangerous distinction between the morality proper to slaves and to masters. Gobineau's phrase for the master race and the superman is "*fils de roi*." He divides mankind into "sons of kings" (the true nobility in mind and will), imbeciles, knaves, and brutes. His doctrine of master-morality—clearly a pattern for Nietzsche—appears in the words of Cæsar Borgia to his daughter: "Know, then, that for persons [like you] whom fate summons to dominate others the ordinary rules of morality are reversed, and duty becomes quite different. Good and evil are lifted to another, to a higher region, to a different plane. . . . Walk straight on, do only what pleases you, but do it only if it likewise serves you. Leave to the small minds, the rabble of underlings, all slackness and scruple. There is only one consideration worthy of you—the elevation of the house of Borgia and yourself." It has been well said that Gobineau's rôle was that of a precursor—"that was his weakness and remains his originality." Nietzsche may be cited literally in a ruthless propagandist campaign of Germanic superiority, and with disastrous consequences. Gobineau must be denatured to serve a like end.

That Nietzsche knew Gobineau's views is confirmed by his sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, who read Gobineau aloud to her brother in the winters of 1876 to 1878. The parallel passage in Nietzsche reads: "A morality of the ruling class has for its principle that one has duty only to one's equals; that one may act toward beings of a lower rank, toward all that is foreign, just as seems good to one . . . and in any case beyond 'good and evil.'"

The organized cult of Germanic Gobinism advances under a barrage of science; but even in this questionable enterprise the munitions are of foreign source. A French scholar, Vacher de Lapouge, elevated Gobinism to a racial phrenology by concentrating attention upon the recognition marks of the surviving Aryans, the potential redeemers of the race. The elect are the tall, blond, long-headed species; the other and lower races are the dark round-heads. The battle of the races is one of long heads against round heads, or dolichocephalic against brachycephalic. The "dolichos" should win because they are superior; but the "brachys" are inconsiderately prolific. Exterminating round heads is the clue to salvation from the "brachy" peril. It may be sought by war or massacre or eugenics. Lapouge prefers the eugenic way; some of his German disciples prefer the other way. Superiority is a matter of the cranial index, the proportion of the length to the breadth of the head. Lapouge considers that the modern Greeks fall short of the glorious achievements of the ancient race because their cephalic index has advanced from seventy-six to eighty-one. If the long-headed race could be restored, within a century, the Acropolis would again become the center of civilization. And here is his prophecy of 1887: "I am convinced that in the next century millions will cut each other's throats because of one or two degrees more or less of cephalic index. This is the sign which is replacing the Biblical shibboleth and linguistic affinities, and by which people will recognize one another as belonging to the same nationalities, and by which the most sentimental will assist in the wholesale slaughter of peoples."

Thus furnished with a clue, the German mind set to work to prove German superiority by the calipers and the color chart, and incidentally to furnish social psychology with a new method of research. Dr. Ammon, a leading disciple of the movement, has written a learned work to prove that long-heads are attracted to the cities, where they contract marriages with "Lorelei" round-heads, and are thus lured to their eugenic destruction. To show the superiority of the long-headed in the mixed population which prevails in Germany as in other countries, he records quite solemnly an experiment made among the members of the Carlsruhe Society for Natural Science. Owing to the stormy weather on the first evening to be devoted to head-measuring only twelve members appeared; but these brave individuals were naturally the superior ones. A more favorable evening added eighteen heads to the collection. These thirty members included six bearing the title of *Geheimrat*, five that of *Direktor*, three full professors, six professors of lower rank, one each of *Förstrat*, *Hofrat*, *Inspektor*, and *Oberbaurat*, also one major (retired), two apothecaries, and three mere citizens. Among the *Gelehrter* of the first rank (as judged by title) 41.7 per cent had long heads and *none* had round heads, the rest being classified as of medium index. But of the *Gelehrter* of the second rank only 27.8 per cent had long heads and 11.1 per cent pursued their calling under the handicap of a round head; in both classes the noble long-heads numbered 33.3 per cent, the ignoble round-heads could claim only 16.1 per cent. Thus accurately do the calipers confirm the titles and stations accorded by an all-wise government! The same holds among the German students, whose "head shapes" are fixed by nature and are not altered by what they put into them. Of the *Gymnasium* students in general 41.1 per cent had long heads and 16.1 per cent had round heads; but in the lower grades (where there were many without ability to reach the higher grades) there are only 16.7 per cent long heads, and these are outnumbered by round heads 22.2 per cent. Contrast these figures with those found among common recruits—the cannon-fodder of the battlefield—and you find only 12.2 per cent of long heads and 38.2 per cent of round heads. This demonstration reveals the embarrassing fact that the ignoble round heads are three times as common among the German population as the noble long heads; also that the proportion of long heads is exceeded in other countries, such as Sweden, so that the palm of superiority belongs elsewhere.

As to the scientific verdict, we may with confidence accept that of our own Professor Ripley, author of "The Races of Europe:" "Europe offers the best refutation of the statement that the proportions of the head mean anything intellectually." Professor Boas concludes: "The men to whom we are indebted for the basic advance of civilization belong to the dark-complexioned human types of the Orient, Greece, and Italy, and not to our blond ancestors." If we apply the personal argument, which is popular but far from decisive, we note that neither Luther nor Goethe nor Beethoven nor Kant nor Lessing nor Bismarck nor Helmholtz—and, still more convincing, nor Hindenburg—belong to the long-headed. But more important is it to remember that the entire set of conclusions would be just as worthless if the skulls of all these worthies had a few degrees less of cranial index and belonged to the long-heads.

The preposterous propagandist method of dealing with the weighty issues of race is not scientific ethnology, but temperamental psychology or plain buttering of parsnips. It is a case of race prejudice run riot in the scientific laboratory, a disastrous example of collective egotism tinged with a perverted patriotism; and its effect is to convert the high priests of learning into sponsors of a ruthless inhumanity. "The superiority of the great blond Aryan is a fiction; it is the result of self-admiration that emotional thinkers have tried to sustain by imaginative reasoning. It has no foundation in observed fact." (Boas.)

It is not a simple, and perhaps not an important, matter to appraise the several influences that may claim the dishonor of bringing the German mind to its present inhuman view of the sacred rights of all things Germanic and the rightful contempt of the rest of the world, the approving of the ruthless destruction, diabolic plotting, and crimes innumerable and unmentionable against everything that the other nations hold dear and sacred—and all in the name of a racial superiority. By their fruits shall ye know them. Chamberlain has a claim to a leading place in the Hall of Ill Fame by reason of the stupendous circulation of his writings. It is difficult to believe that the author of "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" undertook that pretentious task in any other spirit than that of a foregone conclusion supported by a venomous prejudice. With it is combined a specious pleading that irritates less by lack of logic than by lack of respect for the reader's intelligence.

At his best this encyclopædic author raises the suspicion of a

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verbose smoke-screen masking an intention alien to his avowed message; at his second best his conclusions suggest the heated vaporings of a narrow-vented mind; at his worst (in his war essays) he explodes in sheer irresponsibility. "People must learn that any one who cannot speak German is a pariah." "An un-German liberty is no liberty." "As I believe in God, so I believe in the holy German language." From the point of view of science, the palm for unreason and deliberate perversion may be awarded to Professor Ludwig Woltmann, the author of "Politische Anthropologie," founder of the journal of like name which has become the official depository of the new cult. It is Woltmann who claims Leonardo and Michael Angelo, Shakespeare and Voltaire, Cæsar and Alexander, as Teutons, upon the evidence of form and feature; whose slogan is, "The cultural value of a nation is measured by the quantity of Teutonism it contains;" who teaches that "the Teutons are the aristocracy of humanity; the Latins, on the contrary, belong to the degenerate mob," and that "the Teutonic race is called to circle the earth with its rule, to exploit the treasures of nature and of human labor power, and to make the passive races servient elements in its cultural development." The result is that a Frankfort schoolgirl writes to a Swiss girl (with French sympathies):

> As a matter of fact, there is but one race worthy of ruling the world, and which has already attained the highest degree of civilization. That race is ours, the Prussians; for, though we Germans in general are the lords of the world, the Prussian is undoubtedly the lord *par excellence* among the Germans.
>
> Is it not shameful that other nations, who have no right to existence on the earth, wish to diminish our heritage! We are the divine fruits and the others are only weeds. That is why our great Emperor has decided to put an end to all these injustices, and to extirpate the weeds. Do you understand that now?
>
> I remain, your school friend,
>
> KATIE HAMEL
>
> (Daughter of the State Councilor of Architecture).

Chamberlain and Woltmann, Scheman and Reimer, and many another race-gospeler, have spread the infection, showing great skill in preparing the virus, proving also the susceptibility of the German mind to the poison. Without this campaign from above, this prostitution of learning at its source, the moral degradation and the mental obliquity that have become epidemic among the people could not have spread. The same human ingenuity that resorts to scattering death-dealing bacteria, prepared in the laboratories of German universities, among the innocent victims of their brutal invasions, inoculates their own people with the psychological germs of hatred, prejudice, and unreason. With the responsible authors of this psychological crime there can be no terms of peace; for the victims in their own country there can be no hope until the delusion of superiority has given way to the saving grace of a sane democracy.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

For what I may remember
And what I must forget:—
Dead ash and living ember:—
I will not know regret!

I will not stumble blindly
Although I walk alone
Where hands so cool and kindly
Held bravely to my own!

She taught me love and living
Were dreams too proud for tears.
I will not shame her giving
Through all the empty years!

Her eyes declared the story
Of every high crusade.
Now ended is the glory,
I will not drop my blade!

Because by faith I know her
As mountains know the sun,
And the dear debt I owe her,—
The fight I lost is won!

WEARY WATCHES

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

> "Into the old Kiel Canal,
> Where the German fleet is hiding,
> And where we must go, . . .
> There'll be lots of weary watches."

JUST a snatch of a song of American bluejackets. I do not know the rest of it, but the pith of it is in that last line: "There'll be lots of weary watches." Yes, lots of weary watches before Germany is beaten; but Germany will be beaten, she is being beaten, and *weary watches* are doing it.

Just now the world is thrilling at the news from France, where the Allied armies have stemmed the tide and turned it. The spectacular part of winning this war will fall mostly to the armies, but do not forget what the navies are doing. Masses of American soldiers reached France just in time to give Foch the reserves he needed to save Paris and deliver his brilliant counter-stroke.

Germany risked making an enemy of America because Germany counted on her submarines to keep American khaki out of Europe. What frustrated the submarine, let American khaki into Europe, and is bringing it in at the rate of nearly three hundred thousand men a month? "Lots of weary watches." Days and nights on the little bridges of Allied trawlers, submarines, mine-sweepers, chasers, destroyers; days and nights of fog, rain, snow, sleet, and icy darkness.

The U-boat is being beaten. Cold figures prove that. The growing timidity of the U-boat itself proves it, the increasing difficulty of the Germans to get men to ship in the submarines at all proves it.

When the United States entered the war, the prediction was often heard that our great inventors and mechanical geniuses would devise something to end the submarine menace suddenly and dramatically. But our inventors have found that most of the devices they have suggested had already been considered by naval men, tested, and rejected or adopted. It is true that there have been two new instruments perfected which are playing a large part in beating the "subs;" they are the hydrophone and the depth bomb. But they have been perfected by naval men, although civilian effort had much to do with the invention of the former. In the main, though, the submarine has been checked by methods familiar to the navy persistently and patiently applied.

When I say navy, I mean the Allied navy—it is one service now. Americans ought to remember that in the waters through which our Army transports go to deliver men for the western front some seventy per cent of the work of hunting submarines is done by British craft, the remaining some thirty per cent being divided between France and the United States, with much the larger share to us. In the Mediterranean the French are doing the largest share of the job, with the British and Italians doing almost as much and the Americans and Japanese

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following in order. It is only fair for the American public to remember that for every American patrol or convoying vessel helping to see the Yank safely to France our allies have three or four. (It is rather hard for a journalist to do full justice to the British navy, for the British public never demands as insistently as our public does to know just what its men of the two war services are doing, and the British Admiralty is ever inclined to shun publicity.)

Patience and hard work, then, are mastering the submarines; in other words, "lots of weary watches." Of the methods commonly used against the sea serpent with an explosive sting, gunfire and ramming are of course the oldest and the most familiar to the general public. Gunfire plays a relatively less important part than the layman probably imagines. A periscope is a tiny target at best, and of course shooting away a periscope does not sink the submarine. The U-boats are seldom seen on the surface except at a distance, and praiseworthy indeed is the gunner who can get the range of a distant "sub" in the thirty to ninety seconds before it submerges.

Ramming has accounted for a considerable percentage of the boats which will never return to the Fatherland, and the first act of a destroyer on sighting a periscope is to head straight for it at top speed while preparing to get into action with guns and depth charges. (Of course vigilance is kept against Fritz's old trick of putting a periscope on a floating mine.)

Nets, mines, torpedoes from our own submarines, and other means have "done in" many Huns and are much feared by them. More of these things later; this article deals with the game of the surface patrol craft, whose duty is to get into actual combat with the U-boats; that is, the trawlers, chasers, and particularly the destroyers.

The hydrophone, which has been such an asset of the German submarine, is proving a boomerang. As its name indicates, it is a water telephone. More simply, it is a doctor's stethoscope. The hydrophone detects the propeller beats of a ship as the stethoscope detects the heart beats of a human being. And with a little practice any one can distinguish between the sound of a submarine, a destroyer, and other classes of vessel.

Fritz's only way of avoiding our hydrophones entirely is to go to the bottom and stop his propellers, which is not the way to sink transports. But there you are; the secret of frustrating Germany's submarines is to put them on the defensive, to make the hunter the hunted.

It is well known that the depth charge, or "ash can" (a British invention), is putting more U-boats out of action than any other weapon, and that this is what Fritz most fears. Not to go into technical details, the depth charge used on our destroyers is in size and general appearance a smallish covered ash can. It contains several pounds of TNT (trinitrotoluol). The firing device can be set up to any depth to which a submarine can descend. There is a variation in the radius of deadliness of a depth charge according to the strength of the submarine and other circumstances, and there is some difference of opinion on this point. In any case, the depth charge may sink a submarine or seriously cripple it, and at the greater distances the cans are damaging to the morale of submarine crews.

From the intimate association which our Navy is having with the British navy we are learning many things. The record of Great Britain's navy speaks for itself, but we have found the navy even better than its splendid fame. In turn, we like to think that we have contributed our own bit to the progress of naval science. From the beginning of our share in the war our influence has supported two things which have had much to do with stopping the *Unterseebooten*—*i. e.*, the generous use of depth charges and the broad development of the convoy system as distinguished from the patrol system of combating enemy submarines. Vice-Admiral Sims, commanding the United States naval forces in European waters, has steadily worked for the extension of the convoy system and the more liberal use of depth charges.

To this day the American destroyers are noted for their lavish use of depth charges. Some cans may have been thrown away on tide rips or on oil slicks unconnected with the enemy's presence, but we think that the chance of getting a Hun is not to be weighed against the expense of a few tons of TNT. The stars on the funnels of American destroyers do not indicate the whole number of submarines we have done for; this star is given only to a ship which returns with indisputable proof of success, such as a prisoner or a telltale bit of wreckage. The British Admiralty very wisely bases its records of progress against the U-boats on irrefutable evidence only, so that the figures of sinkings given out by Ministers or by the Admiralty from time to time can be regarded as the very bedrock of what has been done. The high command of every one of the Allied navies has absolute conviction of other sinkings which cannot be proved, and undoubtedly there are yet other sinkings which we only suspect or of which we know nothing. From the very nature of the instrument invisible success of this kind is apt to attend the use of the depth charge.

The extension of the convoy system has synchronized with a steady decline in the success of the U-boats. It has also reduced the number of collisions between our own ships. As soon as the Allies have enough warships adequately to convoy every merchant ship the submarine successes will be few and far between indeed. That time is rapidly approaching. Within a year, for instance, so busy are our naval shipyards, the number of American destroyers alone in European waters ought to be doubled.

Unless the weather is very favorable—low visibility and a medium sea breaking—or unless the convoy contains large transports or other ships of exceptional value, the U-boats hesitate to attack. It has come to this, that a submarine can attack most convoys with a fair chance of getting one ship, but unless conditions are unusually favorable the chances are that the price for that ship will be the life of the submarine. A periscope is hard to see, and Fritz has a fair chance of taking aim unobserved, but once the torpedo is fired let him look to his safety. As soon as the torpedo is seen three or four or seven or eight destroyers or other convoy guards will jump to the region from which the "tin fish" came and begin dropping bombs. By hydrophone or by the aid of one of the oil slicks which are the nightmares of all U-boat commanders Fritz may be located accurately. But if not, the destroyers are faster than he and plaster with depth charges the whole area through which he might be trying to escape. With the exception of one or two big "prizes" like the Leviathan, the Kaiser does not think one merchant ship worth the exchange of one submarine.

For the most part the U-boats are confining themselves to stragglers from convoys and to occasional ships without convoy. As we get more protectors for our convoys, our losses in merchant tonnage are bound to decrease.

Convoy efficiency is increasing. The skippers of cargo boats have learned much of the ways of this new sea warfare. They are learning to help each other, and there is less straggling than there was. There is rarely any panic. There never was much panic, but in the beginning there was some misdirected zeal. Some merchant captains would shoot at nearly every small floating object, to the discomfort of their protecting destroyers. A certain destroyer stood a lot of this sort of thing from a certain merchant skipper in the earlier days of U-boat frightfulness and then signaled sarcastically:

"Have just passed a floating box. Please do not shoot at it."

The officers and men of our destroyer flotilla are proud of the reputation their ships have won for seaworthiness. Among Europeans, to some extent even among the British, there was an idea that these little ships could not stand extremely rough weather. It remained for us to demonstrate that a well-made, well-manned destroyer can go anywhere, any time. Our destroyers in the war zone have lost lifeboats, stacks, masts, practically everything but hulls and engines, yet not one of them has ever put back to port or declined duty on account of weather. A British admiral to whose intelligent and sympathetic cooperation our destroyers owe much of the good record they have made tells the following tale with great gusto:

"One of my skippers," says he, "came to me on a howling, tempestuous night and asked to be excused from risking his ship at sea until the weather moderated.

"'All right,' I said; 'if you don't want to go, I'll send one of those Yankee destroyers.'

"He went."

Every British and American destroyer has a number, which is painted on her, as her name is not. I met a small boy who knew the names, numbers, and other essential description of all

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our destroyers quartered near by, which is more, perhaps, than any naval officer knows offhand.

"You was out on the Lowell, was you, sor?" he said to me. "Yes, she's the 168, a thousand-tonner, Captain Hale. [The names and numbers of ships and the names of officers in these articles are fictitious.] And the others with you? The Taintor? Oh, yes—the 254; her skipper's the best dancer in the flotilla; all the Irish girls are keen for him. And the 71 and 343? That'll be the Baldwin, a flush-decker, and the Barr. See that flush-decker out there by the point? That's the Farewell, number 69; craziest skipper in the flotilla; he'll do anything. He's a reg'lar John Paul Jones."

And so on, as intimately and accurately as a boy at home would talk Big League baseball.

Destroyer life is the life of a sea policeman. Our destroyers are on beat from the waters about the British Isles to far into the Mediterranean. The routine I found at our destroyer base is typical. Roughly, the plan is to give each ship two days at sea for each day in port. Most of the work is convoy work, but a ship is never sure of her rest. She may be returning from a long vigil with a slow convoy, counting on being in port for the joyous week-end, when she gets a radio directing her to speed away to investigate some S. O. S. or some reported "sub." And even while crews are ashore they must keep a watch for the signal which means return to ship for immediate duty. However, when on duty four-fifths of the hours are uneventful. Nevertheless at any time may come a call to sudden action—the long-awaited opportunity to win a star for your ship's smokestack. It is the life of a fireman or policeman, full of long waits with possibilities for thrills and peril.

Such possibilities as have been presented to the men of our destroyers have been well met. There are examples of heroism not surpassed by anything in the history of our Navy. For instance, there is the case of the two young brothers who were wireless operators on a destroyer which was badly damaged by an explosion. Staggering forward, away from the injured part of the ship, these boys met the captain. Not realizing how badly they were hurt, he ordered them below to get medical attention.

"No, sir," said the elder brother; "give it to some of the poor devils back there who've got a chance. We're done for. Please notify our mother we died on duty." And at that the pair saluted their commander and collapsed. In a few seconds both were dead.

Then there was an enlisted man on another one of our destroyers who saw a torpedo wake streaking toward his ship. Realizing that the torpedo was going to strike the stern where the depth charges were, and perhaps cause an explosion which would blow the ship to atoms, he began to set the depth charges "on safety." He had nearly accomplished this when the torpedo struck just below where he was standing and killed him. The explosion blew off the boat's stern, but she made port. Except for the quick bravery of that seaman she might have been a total loss.

There must be a system beneath all the work, and there is one, a well-oiled one. There are few idle moments on a destroyer. When not working or repairing, the ships are practicing, testing possibilities of attack and defense in conjunction with other destroyers, with battleships, airplanes, balloons, and with our own submarines. Gun practice, torpedo practice, bombing practice, practice with the hydrophones—these things give every commander a chance to rehearse any situation which he might be called upon to face in earnest.

It is not all a mere game of mechanics, however. A great attraction of service on destroyers and other small patrol craft is that the men know their officers intimately and the officers know the men just as well—know which ones are worried about their wives, babies, or sweethearts, which ones are overliving their pay.

There is much room for the expression of the individuality of the men who command these 1,000-ton whippets of the sea. There is a certain skipper (a good one, too) who rarely makes a trip without dumping ten or fifteen cans into the deep, and who rarely makes port without some tale of "a hidden sea and a hidden fight." And then there is "Dez" Barlow, captain of the Farewell. "Dez" has not got a U-boat yet, but that is not his fault. They all avoid him, and they do well to avoid him, for "Dez" has studied the submarine "game" as a quarterback studies football or as a hypochondriac studies alleged cures, and aboard the Farewell you will find all the recognized weapons against U-boats and a few new wrinkles to boot.

Every one in the flotilla loves "Dez," but that does not prevent their smiling at his eccentricities. When "Dez" wants a thing done, he does it himself, If he wants a two-hundred pound bag of bolts or a twelve-foot section of lead pipe, he'll go ashore himself and walk aboard from the dock with the bolts or pipe over his shoulder. He is as direct and un-selfconscious as if the Farewell were a small gasoline launch—his personal property—and he were were out for a cruise on Long Island Sound.

When I left the port, every one was talking about "Dez'" latest feat. He had rammed a whale, and the shock had bent the thin steel plates of the Farewell's bow. So "Dez" rigged up some kind of scaffolding—boatswain's chair, or whatever seamen call it—and had himself lowered over the bow with a sledge-hammer in his hand. Just then the Admiral came along in his barge, and there was the young skipper of the Farewell, a grimy mechanic in overalls, pounding away at the dented bow.

The man who is hunting the Kaiser's submarines is a fine type of man. He is essentially an active type, not given to hesitate or compromise. It is to do a job that he lives. He must have his heart in it. There may be landsmen at home who still feel impersonal and detached toward Germans, but the navy does not. The men who are hunting the U-boats have a real hate for them—a good, old-fashioned hate, and a fine hate because it is just. It recognizes various classes of U-boat commanders. There is much of the personal contact of the days of knighthood in this submarine war. You will find destroyer commanders who are "particularly looking for" certain submarine commanders. The man who sank the hospital ship Llandovery Castle, and rammed its lifeboats, unless he stays ashore, will sooner or later find the end which a man deserves who flouts all the old human traditions of the sea. Then there is another U-boat captain, one who seems to abhor the work his Government makes him do, and who has been known to tow lifeboats toward shore and even to send an S. O. S. giving his enemies the location of survivors from ships he has sunk—and this chap, if ever he sets foot on an Allied warship as a prisoner of war, will find himself respected as an officer and a gentleman—even though he is a German.

The men who are harrying the submarines know the names of most of the U-boat commanders, know their histories, and talk of them intimately around ward-room mess tables. In fact, it is astonishing how much they do know about their enemy's methods and intentions; to hear them talk you would think the German sea campaign was a sort of naval exercise arranged for them.

There will be millions of American soldiers after this war with a warm spot in their hearts for destroyers—those daring, nimble sea hounds who hunt down the U-boats and bring transports safely into harbor. An elderly Milwaukee American who crossed to France on an Army transport wrote home to tell his son how well American destroyers had guarded him. He had never seen salt water before this voyage, and he was excusably confused on several points. In particular, the characteristic quick dashing, pitching, and rolling of destroyers with a high-speed convoy seem to have impressed him, for he wrote:

"When we were a few days from land, four American destroyers met us and began to fight off the submarines. Son, these destroyers are wonderful little boats. For three days they were fighting U-boats without a rest, most of the time under water.

"Son, whenever you meet any fellows from the American Navy, take off your hat. They're *there*."

Unfortunately for our Navy, convoy duty is not usually so exciting as this warm-hearted patriot imagined. Most sea duty, whether on convoy or patrol, is a long, cold, wet, uneventful grind, with little to keep the tiring mind to the pitch of vigilance which must be maintained. The Navy men see little romance in the work now; they will see that later when they look back at it from the comfortable *ennui* of peace-time routine.

For weary watches are winning this war. And the old man from Milwaukee was right: "Whenever you meet any fellows from the American Navy, take off your hat. They're *there*."

London, September 11, 1918.

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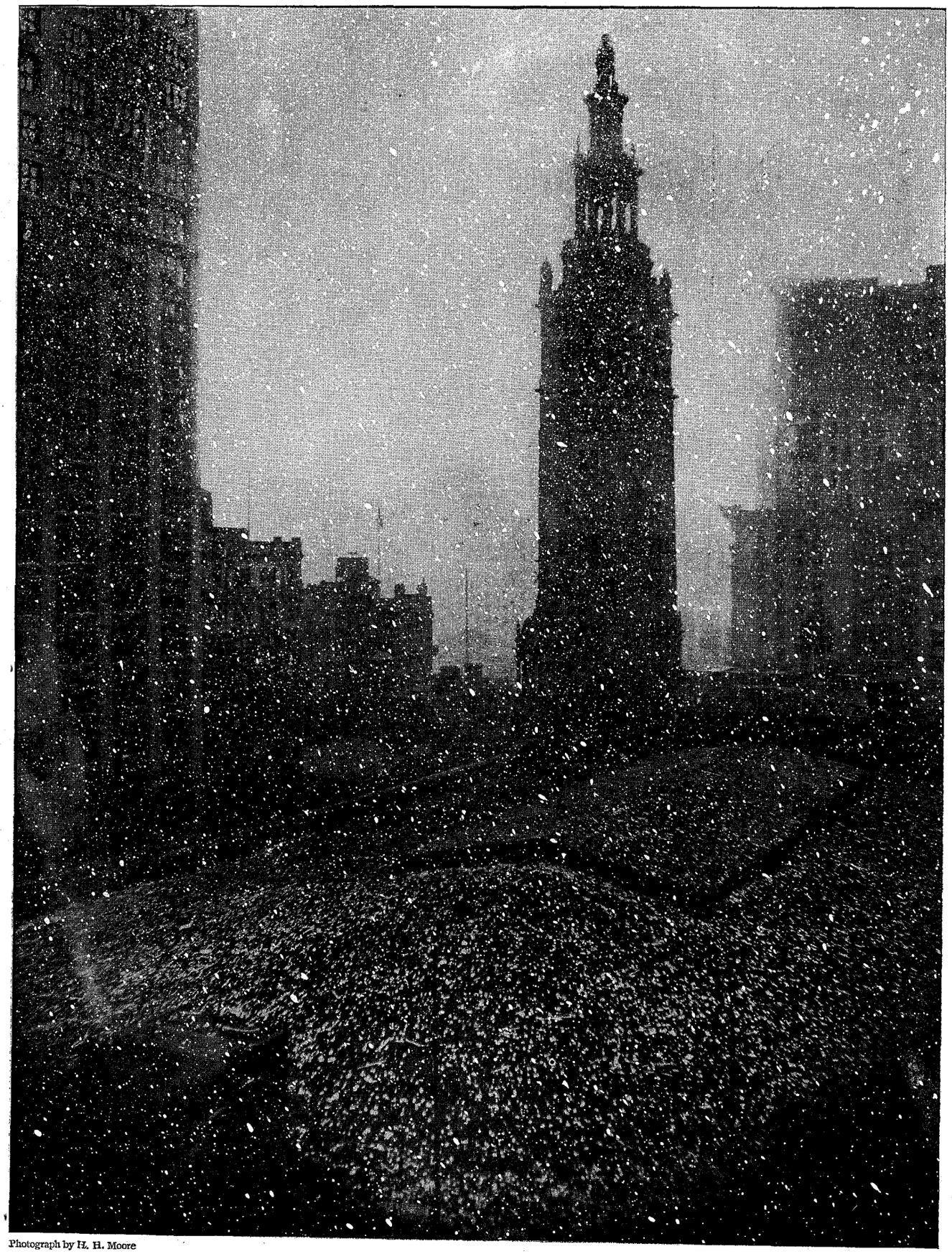
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Photograph by H. H. Moore

THE "PAPER SNOWSTORM" CELEBRATION OF PEACE IN NEW YORK CITY—A SNAP-SHOT FROM THE OUTLOOK'S EDITORIAL ROOMS, NOVEMBER 7

The whirlwind of paper "confetti" that swept New York from the windows of its countless sky-scrapers when the premature report of the signing of an armistice was published is well shown in this snap-shot. The fluttering scraps of paper literally filled the air. The roof of Madison Square Garden, which is seen in the foreground, was covered with them. The scene was repeated on a somewhat less extensive scale on November 11

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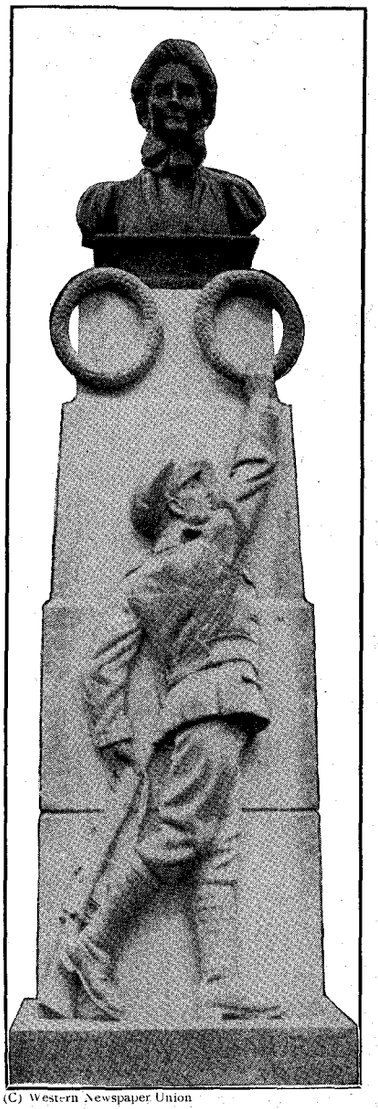


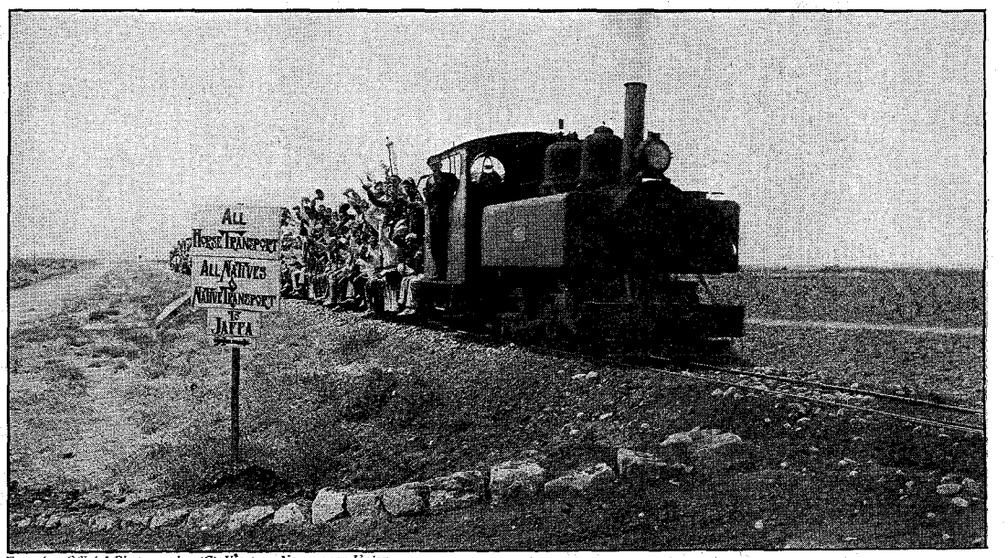
(C) Western Newspaper Union

MEMORIAL TO EDITH CAVELL

This memorial was recently unveiled in Norwich, England, by Queen Alexandra. A "Nurse Cavell Memorial Home" for district nurses was opened at the same time

Central News Photo Service

A BRITISH SOLDIER MAKING FRIENDS WITH MACEDONIAN CHILDREN



Egyptian Official Photograph, (C) Western Newspaper Union

JEWISH RECRUITS ON THEIR WAY TO A BRITISH TRAINING CAMP NEAR JERUSALEM

Central News Photo Service

GENERAL TOWNSHEND, HIS AIDE, AND THEIR CAPTOR

This picture shows General Townshend after his defeat at Kut-el-Amara, a captive in the hands of the Turks. He is seated in the center. At the right is Kalil Pasha, his captor. In the recent triumph of British arms General Townshend was selected by the Turks, when they surrendered unconditionally, to carry their "white flag" to his countrymen

(C) Western Newspaper Union

GENERAL W. P. MARSHALL

General Marshall, operating on the Tigris River, trapped a Turkish army and captured thousands of prisoners. He contributed materially to the collapse of Turkey as an ally of Germany

TWO BRITISH WAR HEROES—DEFEATED YET FINALLY TRIUMPHANT AND A VICTOR IN MESOPOTAMIA

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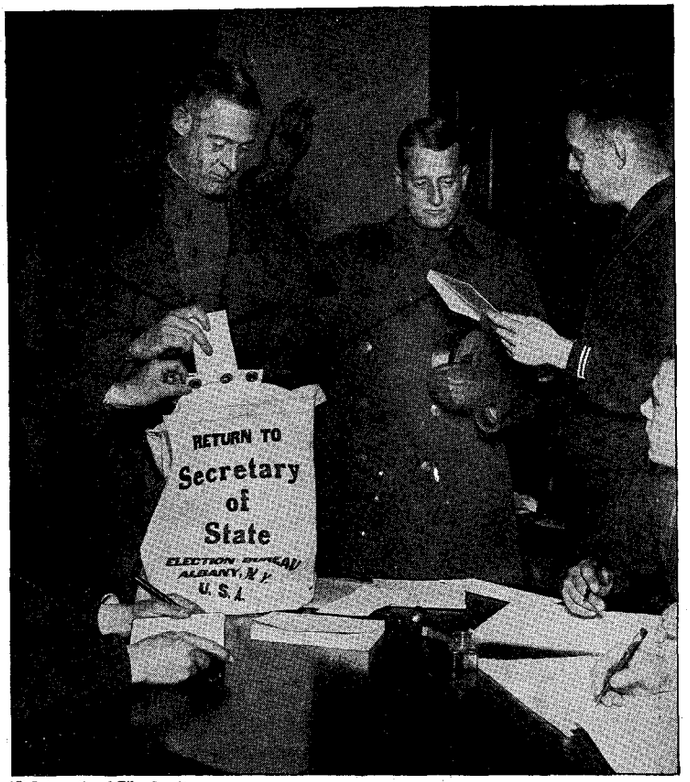
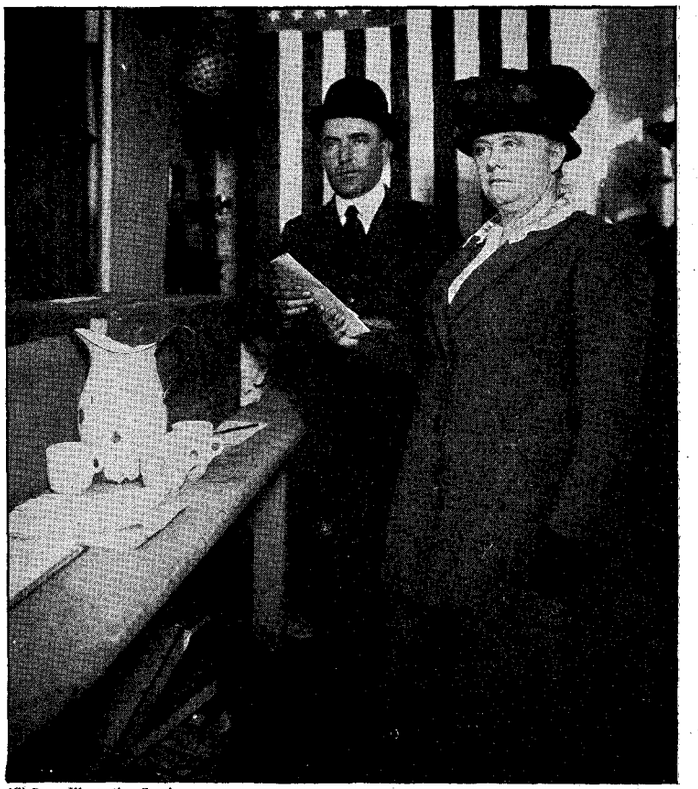


(C) International Film Service

THE SOLDIER VOTE IN NEW YORK CITY

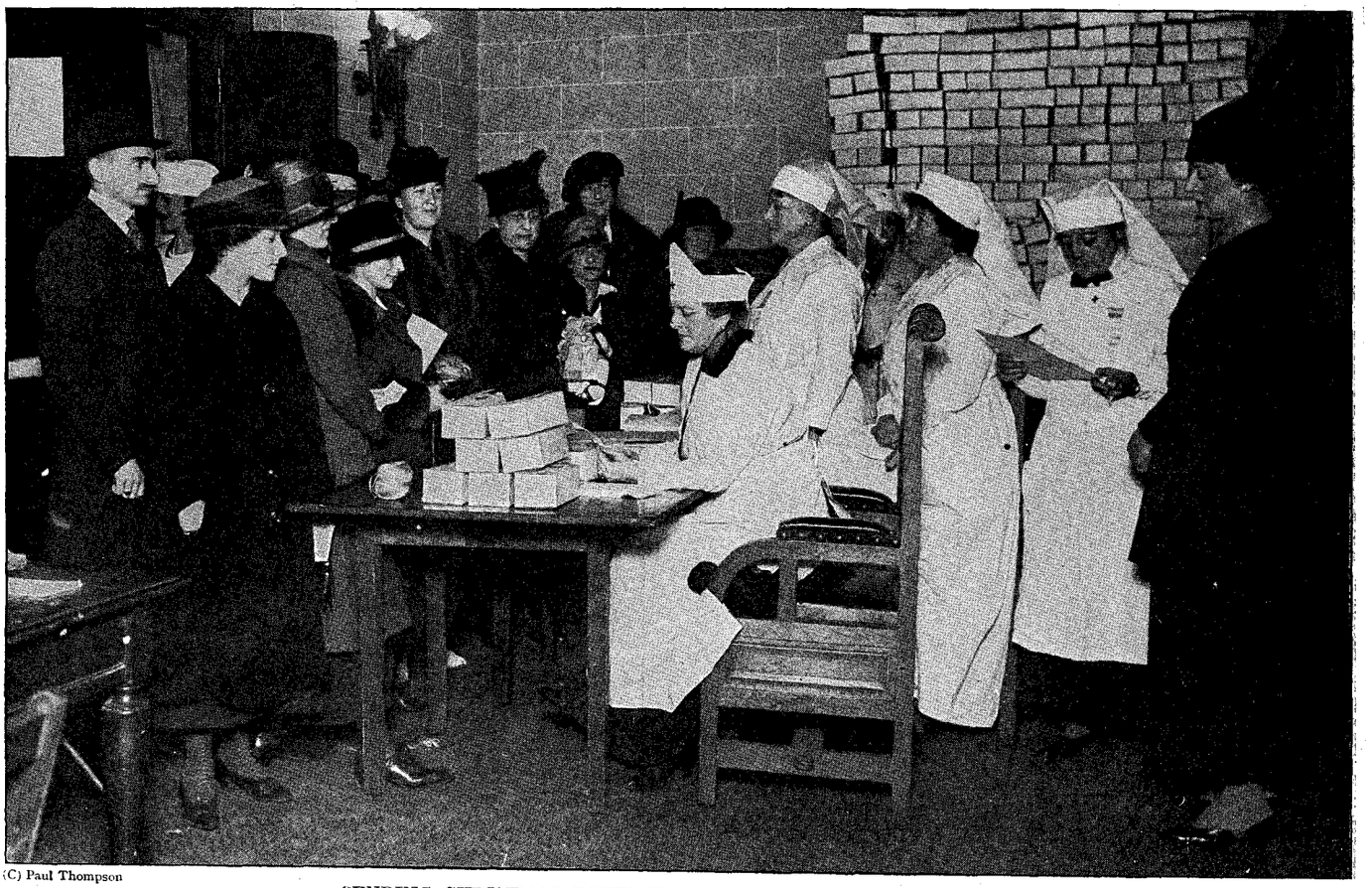
Soldiers, sailors, and marines who were in New York City at the time of the election voted in the various armories. The photograph shows a soldier voting in the 69th Regiment Armory



(C) Press Illustrating Service

WOMEN VOTE IN NEW YORK FOR GOVERNOR

For the first time, women voted in a gubernatorial election in New York on November 5. The picture shows Miss Katherine B. Davis, formerly Commissioner of Correction, casting her ballot



(C) Paul Thompson

SENDING CHRISTMAS BOXES TO OUR SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

Christmas boxes for our soldiers abroad were this year standardized. One box of the size shown may be sent to one soldier after a signed official label is received from him. The box is examined by the Red Cross after it is packed, to make sure that no forbidden articles are included. It must not weigh over three pounds. A receiving depot for such gifts is shown in the picture

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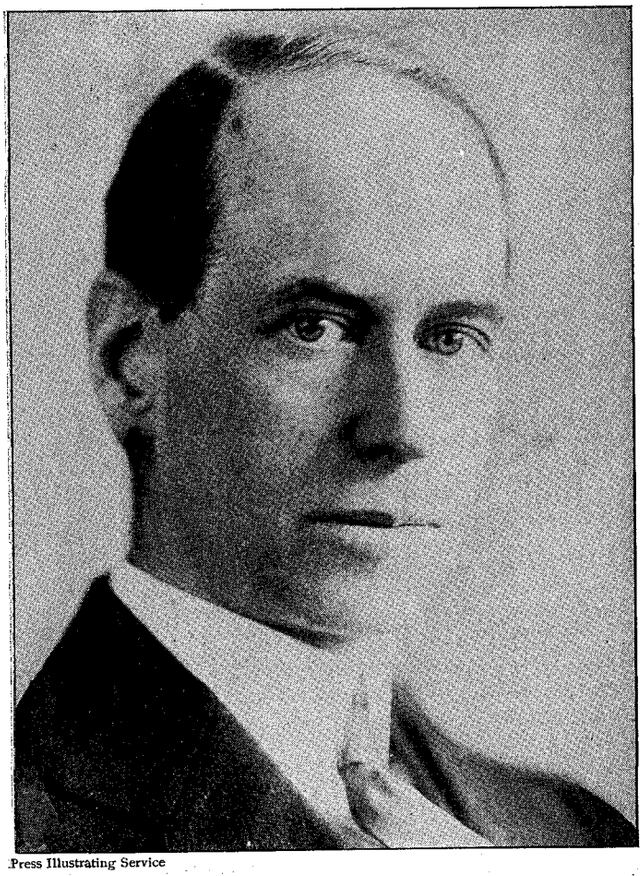
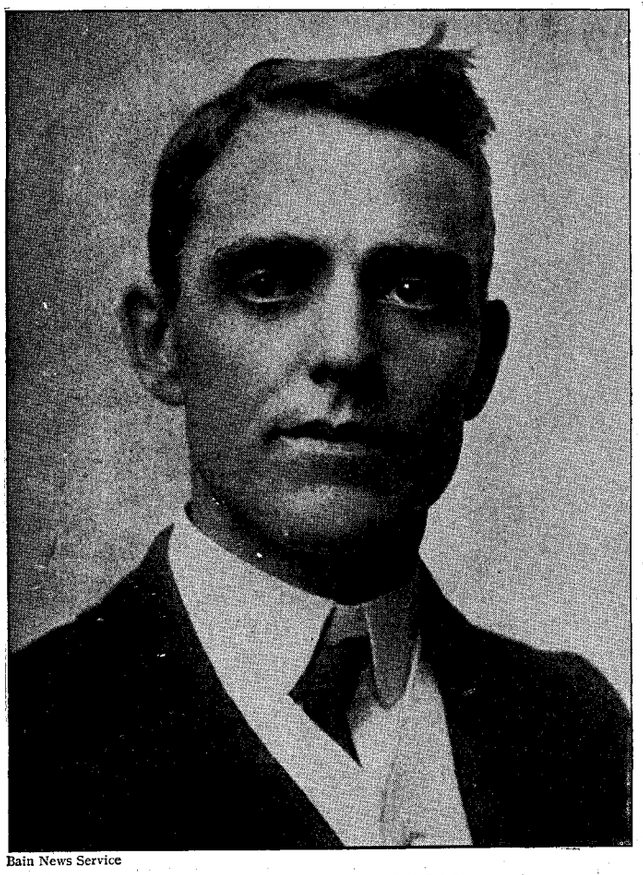


Press Illustrating Service

MEDILL McCORMICK, OF ILLINOIS (REPUBLICAN)
Defeated James H. Lewis (Democrat)

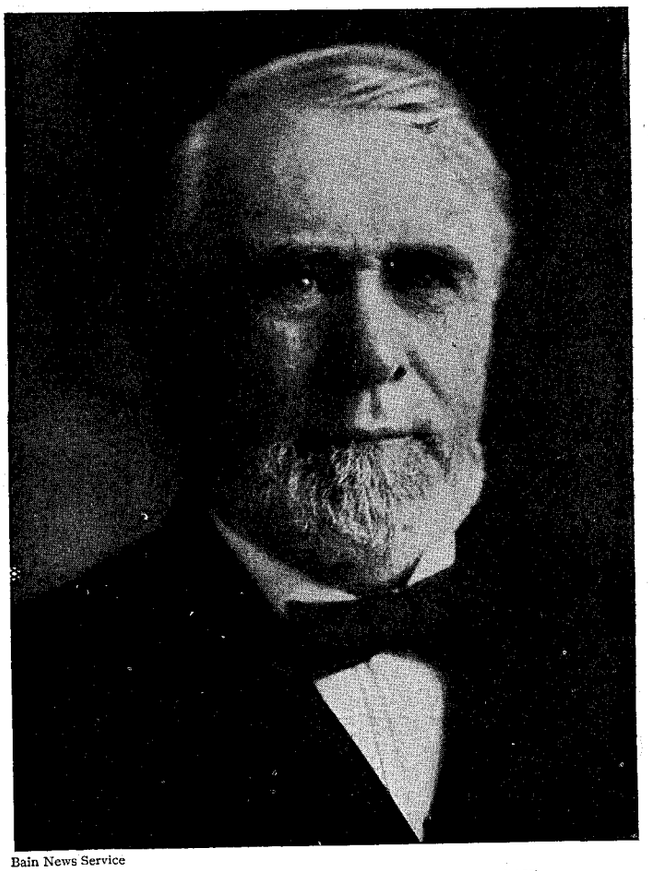


Bain News Service

ARTHUR CAPPER, OF KANSAS (REPUBLICAN)
Defeated William H. Thompson (Democrat)

(C) Harris & Ewing

DAVID I. WALSH, OF MASSACHUSETTS (DEMOCRAT)
Defeated Senator John W. Weeks (Republican)



Bain News Service

KNUTE NELSON, OF MINNESOTA (REPUBLICAN)
Defeated Governor Burnquist (Republican) and F. W. Wheaton (Democrat)

SOME SENATORS-ELECT IN THE NEW CONGRESS, WHICH WILL BE REPUBLICAN IN BOTH BRANCHES

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"MINE LUCK-PIECE"

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

MRS. PATRICK O'DAY was twenty-three years old. When, a year ago, she had married Private O'Day, she looked sixteen. Now she looked, not merely as old as her years, but as old as her experience, which years could scarcely measure.

Mrs. O'Day, whose maiden name was Zipporah Goldinski, might have remembered a dirty town, a black and icy river, scowling eyes and scornful laughter, and cruel persecution. She might have remembered a dark room crowded with crouching, uneasy figures and lit by shifting eyes which tried to fix their attention upon the celebration of the Passover rites while ears listened for the footsteps of murderers without. She might have remembered a fearful winter, a long journey by sea, and grinding days of hard work with hundreds like herself in dim, unhealthy rooms.

But her recollections were different. She remembered a tiny dark house where love dwelt; she remembered broad fields and a river upon which the sun gleamed. She remembered candle-light shining on her grandfather's white beard, the careful motion of his hands among the vessels on the table; the thick, beautiful embroidery on the cloth with which the table was covered; and, best of all, her mother's cherishing arms and the sweet names her mother called her. And New York—ah, what was poverty since in the end she had found Patrick O'Day?

One December evening in a skating rink she was spoken to by Patrick, who was big and blue-eyed and Irish, and who wore a newly donned uniform of the United States. When, his overtures graciously received, he skated beside the small stranger, every one watched them. If she bewitched Patrick, he enchanted her. They sat together in a corner until closing time.

The subject of their conversation could have been guessed by their marriage the next morning. How they understood each other it is hard to say, since between the Russian Jewish dialect and that of County Cork there is no remote linguistic relationship. But they had a common speech, A passer-by might have heard such expressions as "G'wan, what yer givin' me?" or "You're some kid!"

The marriage so arranged looked as absurd as it was; alderman and clerk smiled at the contrast between the tiny Jewess and the tall Irishman.

A week after the wedding Zipporah packed her few belongings in a new satchel. She paid a little debt which she owed to a girl who had gone to work in distant Brooklyn, walking thither that evening, though she was very tired. Her friend protested at her punctilious honesty.

"It was nothing," said she. "Why didn't you take it for a wedding present?"

Zipporah laughed gayly. "I pay for mine self." Her friends called her "I pay for mine self," so often were the words on her lips.

The next day she put the money which she had saved in two years into a ticket for the border town to which Patrick was ordered, and had a little left. Patrick, who was to go on the morrow, was able to escort her to the railway station and to put her on the train. As they sat in the station, Zipporah's gay hat atilt, her white shoes crossed an inch or two above the floor, her eyes shining, Zipporah opened her heart. She had a treasure, a holy thing, which she had shown to no one in America. She was leaving her acquaintances and her good place in the shop to go far away into a strange country at the command of Patrick; it was right that she have no secrets from him. From under the pile of clothes in her satchel she took a yellowed linen cloth, heavy with embroidery in a strange design, a branched candlestick in each corner, joined to its fellows by festoons of pomegranates and little bells—a sacramental cloth. It was the work of an artist and belonged properly in a museum, where it could delight the eyes of thousands, and not in a shiny satchel traveling toward the Mexican border.

"Mine moder make it. She work in secret. It is to cover ze table for—for"—Zipporah knew no English word for Passover. "Mine moder very good sewer. I believe mine moder dead now. So long I keep zis I have luck. Mine moder give it to me for mine luck-piece when I come away wit' mine cousin. Mine moder, fine moder."

Young Patrick saw shining in Zipporah's eyes the recollection of her grandfather's face and his white hands and his long beard. The very candles themselves seemed to be in Zipporah's eyes. Patrick knew the uses of other sacred cloths. He remembered wailing Good Friday music; it seemed to have some sorrowful connection with little Zipporah. He suffered a sudden misgiving.

"Mine moder took it from ze table. It bring me already fine luck, it bring me across ze water and find me work. Many have no work at all. And it bring me you!"

Patrick's misgivings vanished with his laugh.

"What're you giving me? You're the lively one now, ain't you, like a precious cricket!"

Zipporah stowed the cloth carefully away.

"If I ever see mine moder again, here or anywhere, she say to me, 'Where is what I gif you for zat luck-piece?' I say, 'Here also is what mine luck-piece brought me!'" Little Zipporah laughed; her voice was a bit heavy to Irish ears, but it was not unmusical.

"You get yourself a room and look out for yourself good," warned Patrick at the gate.

"You look out good!" warned the small bride. "I come farder zan you already. You go only journey so long"—Zipporah measured an inch on her finger—"and I"—Zipporah stretched her arms wide—"so far. Don't let no chicken get you!"

The stern official at the gate smiled at the ill-assorted pair.

"Go to the train with her if you want to."

"Mine husband get what he ask." Zipporah sailed along, head in air.

"Your husband's a big, important man, sure," agreed Patrick. At the train step he felt terror. "You got my name written down?" He hunted vainly for a bit of paper and a pencil.

Zipporah shrieked with amusement and pointed to her satchel. Patrick remembered the wedding certificate.

"Don't you lose it, whatever you do! You could always find me with that. What is *your* name?"

"Zipporah Goldinski."

"By all the saints!" Cold sweat stood upon the brow of Patrick. "That ain't your name! That wouldn't get you nowhere with the Army! Say 'Mrs. Patrick O'Day, Mrs. Patrick O'Day' over tin times!"

Zipporah complied, shrieking with laughter. Then she sobered. The men in uniform were shouting, there were premonitory throbbings through the long train. "I keep zis paper," promised Zipporah. "I keep it good, Mr. Patrick O'Day. Good-by! Good-by!"

Zipporah hummed a tune most of the way to Texas. She confided her happiness and her good fortune to more than one seat-mate in the crowded trains. She said her new name over and over until she was satisfied with its pronunciation. She gazed again and again upon her certificate. She thought often of the pleasant river and of the fields and of her mother's encircling arm. She believed she had come millions of miles from home. If, as they said, the world was round, she might come again to Russia, where she was born. Patrick had confided in her his determination to rise in the service to the lofty position of corporal, an office which Zipporah did not distinguish from that of general. She saw herself, finely clad, walking beside him. In public she would be humble, but in private she would tease him about his great sword and his jingling spurs.

But Zipporah's dreams, as pleasant as they were wild, had a sudden and sad interruption. A dreadful accident happened to Zipporah. The precious paper was taken once too often from its resting-place next the embroidered cloth. Zipporah smiled as her eyes feasted upon it.

Then Zipporah smiled no more. She sat next the open win-

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dow and the wind caught the paper from her grasp and whirled it away. Reaching madly after it, she saw it carried like a leaf on the strong breeze.

Zipporah sat for a long time white and numb. Then a gleam of hope brightened her terror.

"I know my name," said she, faintly. "My name is— "

Now Zipporah had a bright mind and a good memory, but terror paralyzed her brain. She could not remember her married name. She tried all the afternoon and most of the night, and her efforts only drove the object of her search deeper into her consciousness.

But it was not easy for Zipporah to be completely discouraged.

"I haf mine ticket. When I get to zat place, I will wait and he will come."

Zipporah, however, sang no more on her journey. Her eyes began to look anxious, though she assured her soul that there was no reason for anxiety. Long before she left the train one could tell by a glance at her that she watched for some one. It was an expression so intense that it was not pleasant to see. It drew attention to Zipporah.

Not only did the loafers at the station look at her, but the woman at whose house she applied for a room stared a little doubtfully. But Zipporah had money, both of her own and some that Patrick had given her. Though the price was high, she engaged a good room. Then, dressing herself in her best, she sought the railway station. The army traveled fast; it would not be more than a day till Patrick would come. She would not speak to him, of course—she knew a little at least about military etiquette; but she would let him see her. Zipporah knew that in her best attire she was not easily missed. Before she went to the morning train she took out her luck-piece and smoothed it and laid it back. In spite of her assurance, she felt the need of a little encouragement.

"I will not tell for a long time zat I forgot my name."

Zipporah stood still, frowning. It was curious, but she had still not the remotest idea what her name might be.

"When I get it, I will never let it go," said Zipporah. "I will write it on my clothes and on mine self."

Zipporah watched the trains for a day, then for another day. Recruits arrived, their clothes in little bundles; new bodies of trained troops came, their khaki uniforms sending shivers of hope up and down poor Zipporah's back. But Patrick did not come. Like many privates in the United States Army, Patrick put too great faith in his information about the movement of the troops. Patrick and his mates were not intended for the border town, but for a camp in Columbus, Ohio. Moreover, Patrick did not know until his company detrained that Columbus, Ohio, was his destination. It took him long to realize that he and Zipporah were a thousand miles or more apart. When he did realize it, he was at first as frightened as Zipporah had been. Then, like her, he began to reason sensibly.

"The little cricket has her certificate," said he, the blood taking up once more its natural course through his veins. "She knows her name and she has money."

He wrote a postal card to Zipporah that night.

"By the end of the week she can be back."

But by the end of the week Zipporah had not come. Then Patrick wrote a letter and took the precaution to put his name on the corner of the envelope. In the course of time the letter came back. Mrs. Patrick O'Day was "not here."

Then Patrick went to his lieutenant. The lieutenant, set up by a little authority, looked upon his subordinates in rank as inferiors in humanity, and, unfortunately, Patrick in his distress told him a little too much of the short history of his acquaintance with Zipporah. The lieutenant smiled at Patrick's story.

"Knew her only a few days? Guess she's given you the slip."

Patrick's face burned.

"That she has not, sir."

"Give her any money?"

"Of course."

The lieutenant smiled again.

"Well, if you've written and she doesn't answer, I don't know what more you can do."

Patrick with the greatest effort walked steadily out of the office. He had begun now to be seriously alarmed.

"Be sure the little goose couldn't have forgot her name!" said Patrick to himself. "But she had her wedding lines!"

That she might have lost both name and wedding lines did not occur to Patrick. He wrote again and again, and a comrade who had friends in the border town wrote to them describing his case. At night sometimes he cried, being only a boy. By day he had little time even for thought. It was the winter of 1917, and drill was incessant. But the process which hardened his body did not harden his soul. He knew that his mates smiled at him, knew that they believed he had been tricked. They found plenty of friends of a certain sort and urged him to follow their example. Sometimes when he saw a man and girl walking together his heart filled with confused emotions, with longing and envy and anger at fate. But he kept straight and saved his money. He did not know what more he could do.

When his regiment was ordered to move eastward, he went to his lieutenant again. But the lieutenant only laughed.

"I'd forget her, O'Day," said he.

Again Patrick did what he could. He wrote still again to Zipporah. When the regiment reached its camp in a Pennsylvania town, he sent his address to Columbus.

Zipporah meanwhile had visited the post office. The postmaster was gruff.

"Name?" he asked, sharply.

"Goldinski," faltered Zipporah, white to her lips. Then she made a bold suggestion. She asked whether she might look over the letters.

"Could you look over the letters?" snarled the postmaster. "Don't you suppose I can read?"

Zipporah stood still, peering in at the window.

"I haf forgot mine husbant's name," she explained, her face now scarlet. "He is a new husbant."

To this the postmaster made no answer. He merely looked at Zipporah. The look sent Zipporah away.

Later when letters for Mrs. Patrick O'Day had begun to accumulate in his hands he remembered Zipporah. But he was lazy and indifferent, and in deed, if not in intention, brutal. He made no effort to find Mrs. Patrick O'Day.

Other men had begun by now to look at Zipporah. Her clothes, which seemed to suit her when she was happy, made her conspicuous now that she was sad. Besides, a railway station at which troops are detraining is no place for a young woman who does not wish to be looked at. Nor is the neighborhood of a drill-ground the place for a young woman who does not wish to be spoken to.

Zipporah, disregarding the unwelcome stares and the annoying bids for acquaintance, would have continued to visit the station and the drill-grounds if an entirely different reason had not kept her away. Zipporah had to find work. Seeing signs, "Mending done here," Zipporah hung out a sign. But Zipporah took it in the next day; then she secured mending at second hand through an older and less attractive woman. In the evenings she still watched the trains and on Thursday afternoons she watched the regimental drills. She did not care what people thought.

Once or twice she told her trouble to other soldiers' wives. A few sympathized with her; the others, secure in the possession of their own husbands, smiled at her. She heard the same sort of consolation which Patrick had heard.

"There's nothin' too mean for a man to do. I wouldn't put no faith in him."

Presently Zipporah fell sick. She had spent many long months in airless, crowded rooms; she had had now for weeks intense anxiety. When she was better, she could no longer say with pride, "I pay for mine self." She owed her landlady thirty dollars, and the landlady feared that she might not get her pay. To her, in partial settlement of her account, Zipporah gave the best of her clothes and the shiny satchel. The landlady looked with longing at Zipporah's embroidered cloth. It was a piece of work calculated to catch the eye of both layman and artist.

"I'll count off five dollars for that."

Zipporah smiled faintly. Now that she felt better and that some of her debt was paid she was happier.

"Zat is mine luck-piece."

When she went out, she heard exciting news. The troops were ordered to the East. From there they would sail across the

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ocean. All boats, Zipporah believed, sailed from New York. New York was home. Zipporah began to cry:

"I will go back. I will go to zat place where mine husbant was a soldier, and I will find him."

Now fate seemed to befriend Zipporah. In the same house lived a sergeant's wife who was about to go East. She was ill and unable to look after her three children, and she offered to pay Zipporah five dollars and her fare to the East. She would have offered her more if she had not known that Zipporah would have been willing to walk.

"It'll be Gettysburg in Pennsylvania. It ain't far from New York."

Zipporah could have kissed the hem of her dress. The children were notoriously naughty children, but she would have agreed to take care of young tigers. She was not yet entirely well, and there was a red spot in each cheek and her voice was a little hoarse, but her heart sang. It seemed to her as the days passed and the train carried them northward that she could smell the sea as she had smelled it in New York. Presently she would see the tall buildings. Then how quickly she would fly to the armory!

But Gettysburg is not near the sea. Zipporah, arriving at dark with the sergeant's family, was compelled to stay for a night. When her lodging was paid, she had not enough money left for a ticket to New York. But it would not take long to earn the little which she lacked. It must be found quickly, since it was said that each day troop ships were leaving New York, and it might be any kind of work so that it paid her money. Zipporah, in the worn blue silk dress and the white shoes which alone were left of her grandeur, set to washing dishes in the kitchen of a boarding-house near the camp. She forced herself to be gay. She showed her employer the first evening her precious table-cover—sooner or later Zipporah showed her table-cover to every one whom she knew.

"It brings me luck."

The landlady looked greedily at it.

"I'll give you two dollars for it."

"Not on ze life!" said Zipporah.

Zipporah did not look at the soldiers who went past by thousands. She had now a fixed idea that Patrick would be in New York, and these troops had no interest for her. She worked in the kitchen from morning till night, and then she went exhausted to her hot room under the roof. She had presently all but ten cents for her ticket.

Then, alas! came days when Zipporah could not work. But she laughed scornfully when the landlady asked her about her health.

"I haf not'ing ze matter wit' me," said Zipporah. After the landlady had gone she lay staring at the wall. As she lay there she was losing what she had gained.

A day passed, and another and another. Zipporah's strength was exhausted. Her malady was not yet serious, but it would become serious unless Zipporah could promptly have rest and peace of mind. She scarcely heard now the sound of marching feet and the music of bugles at hand; she saw only boats streaming out to sea crowded with khaki-clad figures. She did not dream that meanwhile among the thousands that went up and down the street walked Patrick O'Day, now a sergeant, handsomer than before, self-assured, a fine soldier though he was unhappy. He passed within a few yards of Zipporah's bed, his name was even shouted by a comrade under Zipporah's window. But the chance that he would find Zipporah or that Zipporah would find him was small.

One afternoon a young man rapped at Zipporah's door. The landlady was terrified lest her lodger might never rise from her bed, and she had sent for a doctor. The doctor examined Zipporah carefully and asked her many questions. Zipporah wished to be polite, and she drew from under her pillow her little package.

"Mine luck-piece. Mine moder, she make it in Russia. She fine sewer. While I haf it I am all right. I am lucky person." Zipporah looked toward the door. "She want to buy it to put on ze table in her window. It is not for such tables. She is not understanding. Dis Gett'sburg small place."

The doctor found the landlady waiting downstairs with her fears and complaints.

"There's a woman down street has a soldier's wife and children on her hands and not a penny for two weeks, and they ain't heard from him. I bet lots of these men have more than one wife."

The doctor frowned.

"She tells an extraordinary story. Some inquiries ought to be made. She's not in a bad way yet, but she must rest and do nothing. The sanitariums aren't taking any one in on account of the shortage of doctors, but I think I can get her in."

The landlady went upstairs again and sat down on Zipporah's bed. She looked with hungry eyes at the pillow under which Zipporah's luck-piece lay.

"You owe me five dollars," said she in a hard tone.

Zipporah, lying curled up like a squirrel, shivered.

"I will pay it. To-morrow I will get up. I pay always for mine self."

"You must give me security," said the woman. "It ain't honest to lay here this way."

Zipporah grew deadly white. Then she put her hand under the pillow and drew out a little package. At this moment hope died. She shut her eyes so that she might not see the package pass from her hand.

"To-morrow the doctor will take you to the hospital. To get well," the woman added grudgingly.

All that night the rain fell, turning the camp-ground into a morass and the streets of the town into rivers. Zipporah heard it all night. She thought of Patrick, lost to her forever; she thought of her penniless condition; she thought of her mother's embroidery hanging over the little table where it could be seen from the street, and where it would soon be faded and soiled; and she thought of the hospital—to Zipporah hospital spelled doom.

"Few and evil have been the days of mine life," said little Zipporah.

In the morning the sun shone brightly. The landlady opened her shutters wide so that all might see her possession. She looked gloatingly at its bells and pomegranates, she stroked the fine linen. Twice in the morning she left her work and went into the dingy parlor. Others were now looking at her treasure.

Presently a tall soldier stopped to stare. But he looked for only a second; then, alas for Zipporah! he turned away. It seemed that little Gettysburg, where so many thousand fond hopes have come to grief, was to be the scene of another tragic though unimportant incident. But he came back and looked again. He rapped on the door, which opened directly into the little parlor. The landlady was frightened by his bold look.

"Where did you get that?" Patrick pointed with an eager finger.

The landlady could be bold also. But she trembled. Had her lodger stolen the table-cover?

"It is none of your business where I got it," said she.

The young man came a little closer. His next remark made the landlady certain.

"You answer me or I'll have the camp police here in two seconds!"

"I got it from my kitchen girl."

"What kitchen girl?"

"A kitchen girl that's takin' a room and food and ain't workin' or payin'."

"Where is she?"

"In the attic."

"What does she look like?"

"She's a Jew, she—"

But the stranger listened to no more. He started toward the stairway. Then he looked back and saw the landlady's possessing eyes upon the embroidered cloth. He lifted it from the table and started up the steps. The second flight led directly into Zipporah's room. There the landlady heard only a single cry. The shock of surprise set the clogged wheels of memory revolving once more.

"Mine Patrick O'Day!" cried Zipporah, without the least effort to remember.

There are some people in the world who are sorry for the good fortune of others. The landlady was one of them. She went back into her kitchen muttering.

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"DEAR JOHN MARTIN"

AN INTERVIEW

THIS was the greeting that began them all in that one day's mail it was my good fortune to see. Some were printed, some were scrawled in the most labored of third-grade vertical, some were in pencil, some much too lavish with ink, but they all told the same story of a child's utter confidence and deep affection for a very real friend.

I had started out to discover something about the man who, the postman on my block said, "got more kid mail than any man in the country." And this is what I learned, from various associates and from the man John Martin himself:

"Yes," said he, "my work is an example of a man's fun being turned into business. Years ago I began writing letters to children because I loved them and because it was a revival of youth to think back to the juvenile point of view. When the San Francisco fire came along, it swept away everything that was my business at that time and landed me in New York. Then I bethought me that perhaps I could do a thing that I loved to do, and I began to write letters in earnest to children, thousands of them."

I saw some of these letters, now "rare" copies. They were in facsimile handwriting, or hand printing, or typewriting, with pictures everywhere, about birds and flowers and animals, and sometimes of queer little creatures that could find habitation only in a child's fancy. And if you can imagine swinging on the gate till the postman comes and hands you a really, truly letter with your name on it, from Peter Pan, or Dick, the police horse, or an Antarctic Pelican, or a little Hopi Indian, you will have some idea of the lure of those John Martin letters for the fortunate children who got them.

These letters achieved a large ethical success, but there was not in them the possibility of wide usefulness or financial security, since their intensely personal character prevented income from advertising or any source beyond the subscription price. They were the means, however, of bringing John Martin's name prominently before the public through several of the popular journals to which he contributed in a similar vein. The demand for the letters disclosed a need, and John Martin's Book, now completing its sixth year, was the logical outgrowth of these beginnings, enlarged, expanded, and diversified, but still preserving the personal quality.

The obvious purpose of the book is to provide for children *one* magazine of the same dignity and appeal as is supplied to mature readers in such variety. Children have never before had a high-class, formative magazine for those most important years in their entire lives, the years from three to ten. Impressions received during that period, either for good or evil, are never effaced. Psychologists even go so far as to say that characters are formed by the ninth year. This magazine is planned to hold the attention of children from the time they begin to look at pictures and listen to stories until they are ten or eleven years old, varying with the individual, and turn to Popular Mechanics and St. Nicholas. In common with editors of mature magazines, John Martin has a very definite policy, and that is to present constructive thought only. John Martin's Book is informative and educational without being pedagogic, and is lavishly supplied with fun and merriment. All suggestions of fear, deceit, cruelty, and naughty mischief are scrupulously excluded.

"We never talk down to the child," said John Martin, "but rather with him—in fact, we like to feel that the magazine is the mouthpiece of childhood, voicing its ideas, thoughts, and aspirations. Even our advertisements are written especially for our juvenile public, and at a forfeit of many thousands of dollars we have kept out all advertised articles of which we cannot write freely to children."

Having heard that this name, John Martin, was an acquired one, I ventured to ask its history. "That story is almost as old as I am," said he. "I was brought up on a remote plantation on the banks of the Potomac, with my mother my only playfellow. She built up for me a marvelous world of magic, passing easily from the animals and growing things about us to the fanciful creatures of legend and dreams. In the garden was a martin house, and this feathered tenement became the center of all our make-believe. She had a name for every bird and seemed to know them. I remember how impatiently I would watch them fly out, and beg to know just which ones had gone, for thus would I have my clue as to the kind of stories I should presently hear. You see, every bird brought a message from the big world back to the little bird-house: King Arthur, Rowena, Launcelot, and Ivanhoe, of knighthood and chivalry; Silly Simon and Mother Goose, of nonsense and merriment; Alice, of extravagant fancy, and so on, until the heroes of myth, legend, and history became as well known to me as the geese that chased me away from the back door. Little John, of the martin birds, was my favorite, however, for he was cheerier and busier, faster and stronger than the rest, and it was to him and those charmed years that I harked back when I appropriated his name and undertook to carry on his message to the world's childhood."

This man with the child heart, I discovered, has had a wide and versatile career. Perhaps the Central American adventures and his Far West cowboy days lend to his book the virility and "punch" that the small boy finds therein; and surely the years spent in bookbinding and design and the tutelage in book-printing with masters of that craft find expression in the pages of this unique juvenile.

"I have a theory," said the artist-creator, "that many impressions of refinement, charm, and taste, which have come to most of us only with study and travel, may be inculcated during the unfolding years of childhood."

Even a casual inspection of the magazine shows that, from a printer's point of view, it is typographically excellent and adheres to certain accepted standards of form and taste, with the intention that children will thus become accustomed to the appearance of a well-printed page. Because line and mass are more readily distinguished by childish eyes, the illustrations are in line-cut instead of half-tone. The art is as good as it can be made, and frequent adaptations from Crane, Craig, Flaxman, Dürer, Crawhall, our own Howard Pyle, and even from the Orientals, Hokusai and Hiroshige, are unconsciously forming a taste for good art which will be recognized in later developing childhood.

"It is customary," said I, "to ask of all publications where they stand in politics and religion, but perhaps a juvenile is not required to answer."

"That is not such an absurd question as one might think," rejoined the editor, "but I believe we are safe in making patriotism the political creed of our book, and I endeavor to allow no number to leave my desk which does not definitely uphold the principles of personal and national honor. In the matter of religion," he continued, "though not orthodox, we strive to inspire

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"*Dear John Martin*" (*Continued*)

reverence for a loving and protecting God, this without dogma or specified creed. I believe that these elements, patriotism and reverence, will go far toward making good citizens of to-day's children."

It is hard for one accustomed to the atmosphere of the ordinary business office to realize the earnestness and joy with which this work is done. I found in this man an enthusiasm amounting almost to a passion for the preservation of ideals in childhood, and I sensed somewhat the material struggle the magazine must have undergone to maintain the high standards that have been set for it.

"It is said of me," chuckled this idealist, "that 'John Martin will have to let go of his wild star-dream and come down to earth and real business.' If by that they mean letting down the bars to what is less than the best and exploiting the confidence I have gained among mothers and children, business will have to wait. My contention that a serious adherence to principle pays is proven by the generous support of our work by thoughtful people, even in these difficult war years."

In the elevated train, after my interesting morning, I was looking over the current number of John Martin's Book, when I spied opposite me a wriggling mite of five in a high state of excitement. "Mother," came a loud whisper across the intervening aisle, "that man has *my* book!" In vain the mother tried to explain how any one could have the book by paying for it at a news-stand. "No, it's *my* book!" insisted this confirmed John-martiner, and she continued to scowl at me with accusing eyes until an embarrassed mother retired her, still protesting, at the next station.

As I proceeded downtown into the whirl of Manhattan with its war contracts and its loan committees, I could readily see why wise and discriminating parents, the country over, are recognizing the value and necessity of an influence like John Martin's Book for the children of to-day who are to be the citizens of to-morrow, and are supporting it in such a whole-hearted manner.

(*Advertisement*)

THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Fighting for Fairview. By William Heyliger. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.35.

Firecracker Jane. By Alice Calhoun Haines. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

Girls of '64. By Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

Handicraft for Boys. By A. Frederick Collins. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

Hindu Fairy Tales. Retold for Children. By Florence Griswold. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.25.

Jimmie the Sixth. By Frances R. Sterrett. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Jolly Book of Funcraft (The). By Patten Beard. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

Little Cuba Libre. A Story of Cuban Patriots for Children Young and Old. By Janie Prichard Duggan. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.35.

Little House in the Woods (The). By Clara Whitehill Hunt. Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.35.

Little Maid of Old Connecticut (A). By Alice Turner Curtis. Illustrated. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $1.

Lone Bull's Mistake. A Lodge Pole Chief Story. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, $1.35.

Loyalty of Elizabeth Bess (The). By E. C. Scott. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.35.

BIOGRAPHY

Letters of Anne Gilchrist and Walt Whitman (The). Edited by Thomas B. Harned. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.

These outpourings of devotion on the part of a gifted woman to an ideal separated from her by the Atlantic are real love letters, not mere expressions of literary homage. When finally Mrs. Gilchrist's devotion brought her to America and to personal acquaintance with this ideal, her admiration for the poet, then old and paralyzed, remained undimmed. That fact is the finest possible testimony to Whitman's genuineness and nobility. The contributions of Whitman himself to this correspondence, as published here, are almost negligible.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Pathfinders of the West. By A. C. Laut. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

Here is a simply written but dramatic account of some of the explorers of western North America. Two of them, Radisson and Groseillers, are comparatively unknown to fame, and their story gives an element of novelty to the book that will attract many readers.

Sketches in Duneland. By Earl H. Reed. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

WAR BOOKS

Achievement of the British Navy in the World War (The). By John Leyland. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.

Doctor's Part (The). What Happens to the Wounded in War. By James Robb Church, A.M., M.D. Foreword by Major-General William C. Gorgas. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Knights of the Air. By Lieutenant Bennett A. Molter. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Stakes of the War. By T. Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank. Illustrated with Maps. The Century Company, New York City. $2.50.

This book will be of great value to all who are interested in studying the political problems which must grow out of the war. The making of a new map of Europe will be quite as great a problem for the statesmen after the war as the war has been for the military commanders. If all the people of Europe recognized brotherhood, if they all believed in "live and let live," if they desired liberty not only for themselves but for all their fellow-men, there would be no great European problem. But how to adjust the various relations of the different nations and the different races so as to protect the rights of all and secure in a reasonable degree peace for the future is a problem of the greatest difficulty. This book makes no attempt to solve the problem, but puts its elements before the reader with great clearness. The excellent maps show the geographical relations of the different nationalities and provinces, such as Alsace-Lorraine, Schleswig-Holstein, Finland, the Baltic Provinces, the Czecho-slovak territories, and these maps are accompanied with information respecting the size and nature of the populations and their political history and economic conditions. The book will be almost a necessity to any one writing on this complicated theme.

MISCELLANEOUS

Preparing Women for Citizenship. By Helen Ring Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

Story of The Sun (The). By Frank M. O'Brien. Illustrated. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $3.

Every reader of the New York "Sun" who has read that paper long enough to make his allegiance to it unquestioning—and sometimes, it seems, the reading of a single copy may win this fealty—will want to own this book. It gives the history of a newspaper that has been dominated from the beginning by strong and interesting personalities, and they here form the vital background for a narrative that has the characteristic features of that distinctive thing in journalism, a "Sun story."

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of November 13, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Germany and the Allies' Terms; Continued Victory; Austria-Hungary Out of the War; The Surrender of Turkey; Shall We Punish Germany?

Reference: Pages 397, 398, 399, 402, 403.

Questions:

1. State and discuss the significance of the German representatives going to Marshal Foch to get the terms of the armistice. 2. Before this war "freedom of the seas" always meant the right of the nations, on equal terms, in time of peace but *not* in time of war, to sail their *merchant* vessels anywhere on the high seas, subject only to local port restrictions. By "freedom of the seas" Germany means the unrestricted passage of *merchant* vessels *in war as in peace*. Discuss why Germany was so anxious to have this phrase construed her way. Give, with reasons, which of these meanings this phrase should bear after this war. 3. On what terms did Austria-Hungary and Turkey surrender? Discuss somewhat at length the meaning of their surrender. 4. According to The Outlook, what things depend on the right solving of the Turkish question? What is that question? How, in your opinion, should it be solved? 5. Discuss the advisability and the necessity of the end of the Hapsburg dominion. 6. Discuss whether there is sufficient reason for believing that the world has entered upon an era in which democracy will be the *only* source of power in national and international affairs. 7. What, in the opinion of The Outlook, are some of the *natural* punishments that Germany will suffer without any infliction from the Allies? Are you as sure as The Outlook is that Germany will suffer these punishments unless they are administered *by the Allies?* Reasons. 8. What are the things which a new Germany must do before it will be entitled to the confidence which the old Germany threw away? 9. Discuss whether German representatives should sit at the peace table. 10. Be sure to read the following books: "Right Above Race," by Otto Kahn (Century); "Wounded and a Prisoner of War," by an Exchanged Officer (Doran); "What is the German Nation Dying For?" by K. L. Krause (Boni & Liveright).

B. Topic: Denmark Speaks.

Reference: Page 399.

Questions:

1. Explain how the Schleswig-Holstein question arose. 2. What reasons does The Outlook give for saying that Denmark has chosen the right moment in demanding that the provision of the Treaty of Prague be carried out? 3. Give several reasons why it would be well to have the Kiel Canal internationalized. 4. Should both Schleswig and Holstein be given back to Denmark? 5. Show why the restoration of these duchies "has a vital connection with the Polish question." 6. Consult "Modern European History," by C. D. Hazen (Holt); "The Roots of the War," by W. S. Davis (Century); "Stakes of the War," by Stoddard and Frank (Century)—all are well worth owning.

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: The Day After Election.

Reference: Page 397.

Questions:

1. Discuss why President Wilson appealed to American voters to elect a Democratic majority in both houses of the new Congress. Don't forget that *various* points of view should be considered. 2. How does The Outlook interpret the results of the election? How do you? 3. Why does The Outlook say that the President made a "tactical error" in making his appeal? Are you of the opinion that it showed poor judgment and bad taste on the part of President Wilson? 4. Give several reasons why The Outlook's wish that Republicans as well as Democrats should participate in the problems following this war is worth considering. 5. The President believes he will be hindered by a Republican majority in Congress. The Outlook believes he will be helped by it. With which do you agree? Give several reasons. 6. Have the voters of the United States expressed disapproval of President Wilson's Administration? 7. Should the Republican victory be considered more a victory for Americanism than for republicanism? Discuss your answer. 8. Do you think the results of the election will "be interpreted on the other side of the water as a repudiation" of President Wilson's leadership? Discuss. 9. What, in your opinion, is the principal lesson of the Congressional election? Discuss it.

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. The nature of the American Government tends to destroy all differences of nationality. 2. Only those are patriotic who try to shape the thought and action of their country.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for November 13, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Abdication, reciprocal (398); psalms, taboo, international comity (402); opiate, disillusioned (403); expropriation, internationalized (399); gubernatorial, tactical (397).

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Surface configuration is largely the key to events in the theaters of war. Rivers, mountains, and forests are the natural strategic barriers. Mountain passes with their highways and railways are the natural gateways. Only maps which show these clearly can give you a correct idea of the relative value of a gain or loss of territory. The official American and Foreign Government maps form the bases on which these maps were made. Every contour and location represents the work of Government surveyors and cartographers. Accuracy, therefore, is assured, and thoroughness of detail is guaranteed by observations and tests.

OTHER MAPS IN THE OUTLOOK ATLAS

In addition to the large-scale maps of the western battle-front above described, which are printed in three sections, each section occupying a double page, are the following:

ARMY MAP OF THE UNITED STATES

On the front cover of the Atlas is a map of the United States showing the locations of camps and cantonments, officers' training camps, aviation fields, Army schools, etc.—also the flags of the Allied nations in color.

GENERAL MAP OF THE WESTERN FRONT

Two pages are occupied by a war map of the western front, which is a complete one-sheet map of this area. It is made on a scale of 10 miles to the inch and extends west to Ashford, England, north to Antwerp, Belgium, east to Frankfort, Germany, and south to Orleans, France.

MAP OF THE ITALIAN FRONT

This double-page map is engraved on a scale of 10 miles to the inch. It is exceedingly complete and is invaluable in following the news from this region. It extends north to the German boundary, east beyond Laibach, south to Bologna, west to Milan.

MAP OF NORTHWESTERN RUSSIA

This is an entirely new map of that part of Russia in Europe now figuring in the public prints. It includes the towns that have sprung into prominence during the present war and since the Allied intervention. All the railways, including the one recently built to Alexandrovsk, on the Arctic Ocean, are shown on this map. Canals, forts, and other important details are given, while racial divisions are indicated in red. The detail of the northern sector now occupied by the Allies is particularly complete.

NEW MAP OF THE WORLD

On this map the colonial possessions of each country are shown in the same color as the mother countries. Steamship lines with distances via the Panama Canal are given in blue, and other routes in red, so that the comparisons may be easily made. Principal through railways, wireless telegraph stations, and submarine cables are also indicated.

MAP OF NORTHERN ASIA, EMBRACING SIBERIA, MONGOLIA, AND JAPAN

This map clearly shows the route of the Trans-Siberian Railway, the main highway between Japan and Russia, connecting Vladivostok, Harbin, and Petrograd. All stations along this important line as well as in other regions are given in great detail. All former Russian possessions in Asia are also included in detail.

MAP OF CENTRAL AND WESTERN EUROPE

This map shows political boundaries in separate colors and is valuable in showing the relations of the several fronts to each other and to the neutral countries. All railways, canals, and principal cities and towns are shown.

MAP OF ASIA MINOR

This map shows the Mesopotamian, Syrian, and Caucasian fronts, with the completed and projected portions of the Pan-German "Berlin to Bagdad" railway.

THE OUTLOOK'S SPECIAL OFFER

Now that an armistice has been signed by Germany and the Allies, a Peace Conference will soon be considering the terms of final peace. These maps will be invaluable in tracing the boundaries of the nations that have been involved in the war and of the territories in dispute. Every reader of The Outlook should have this collection of maps as a part of The Outlook, for it will be of the greatest assistance in interpreting the adjustments that will be made by the Peace Conference. This atlas will be of permanent value, and we have been able to make the price so low that every subscriber may have it in his possession.

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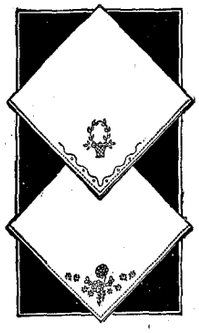

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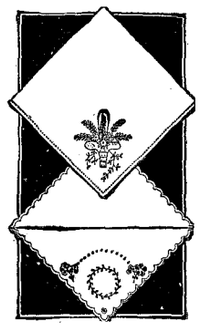

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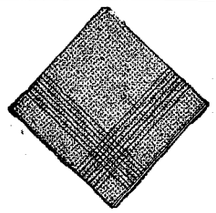

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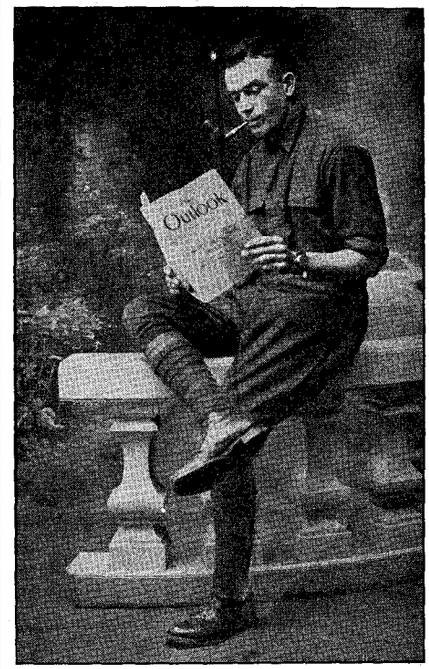
THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

A PAPER FROM HIS HOME TOWN



This is a photograph of Private William J. Burke, Co. D, Third Balloon Squadron, A. E. F., who writes to us from "somewhere in France:" "Right at home when I found The Outlook at the Y. M. C. A. It's great to get a paper from your home town"

CONCERNING PEACE

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON, OF THE VIGILANTES

That we have purchased with tremendous price,—
That we will take.
We have no mind to make a bargain twice,
No larger gain to make,
But this we buy across the sword's red blade
We swear shall justify the price we paid.

Not with small counters did we seek this thing,
But with the blood
Of youth, men's might and human suffering
And stricken womanhood,—
These to the market of your wrath we brought
And we shall have in full the Peace we bought.

Tricksters and swindlers in the wide world's mart,
Not yours to say,
Nor, cringing, still withhold one little part
For which we pay.
Our dearest treasure in the scale is cast,
Think you we shall be cheated at the last?

A SOLDIER'S VACATION IN FRANCE

It is good to remember that all has not been blood and destruction among our fighting forces in France, and that our men now and then have had a respite from the horrors of the front and have had a chance to visit those peaceful regions in southern France that have not felt the devastating breath of conflict. From a soldier's letter describing such a visit we take these passages:

"I left Headquarters at 5:40 A.M. on the Paris Express with a fellow who had never been in Paris. Arriving a little late, we had dinner and got rooms convenient

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to the Opéra, the center of attraction for soldiers and others visiting Paris. The following two days were spent in the capital showing my friend around a little. Took in a fine patriotic show at the Casino de Paris, saw Napoleon's tomb, and had a ride on the Ferris Wheel near the Eiffel Tower, from which we had a splendid panoramic view of the city.

"Leaving Paris Saturday night on the Rapide for Nice, we reached Marseilles before noon the next day. From Marseilles on, the scenery gets more and more beautiful as you go along, and between Nice and the Italian border it is just grand. The stretch of territory from Marseilles to the latter point is known as the Riviera and the Côte d'Azur; it is the finest thing I have seen in any of my journeys.

"Arriving at Nice, we got into one of those sea-going hacks and were driven to a fine hotel, the Luxembourg, on the Promenade des Anglais, where, after being assigned splendidly fitted rooms overlooking the Mediterranean, we cleaned up after our long trip, and then had a good supper. We spent the evening on the Promenade. Sitting on a bench and watching the waves roll up by moonlight certainly made me think of old Revere Beach, except that the surrounding scenery as well as the people here are quite different. Here you encounter people from all nations and soldiers from all the Allied countries, trying to forget the war for a short while.

"The following day we wrote postals, rested up, and took a carriage drive down to the beach for a swim. Carriage riding was quite inexpensive in Nice; we hired a carriage for five francs an hour, which amounted to only about twenty cents apiece. Will have to say that I think the waters of the Mediterranean are preferable to those of the Atlantic. It certainly seemed good to get such diversion after being cooped up inland for twelve months where you don't see street cars, street lights, White Ways, and so on.

"Tuesday morning we set out bright and early by automobile for Monte Carlo. Between 9 and 9:30 the gaming rooms are open to the public. After 9:30, from the adjoining salon, we watched the players as they took their chance at the wheel or other games of fortune. The crowd, among which were many women, was very orderly, and one would hardly suspect that five or ten thousand francs were being wagered on this or that turn of the roulette or card.

"Then we set out to see the principality. The Casino sets right out on the ocean, and the views in its vicinity are gorgeous. In front of and around the buildings of the principality are statues, luxuriant southern foliage, cliffs, hills, jutting peaks, and the like, all combining to make the place most impressive from a scenic point of view. A couple of the fellows had cameras and took snapshots all along the trip. We saw the Prince's palace, and then went to the Museum, where all sorts of nautical curiosities are to be found. One thing we won't forget was a living octopus. Such a vicious, creepy, disagreeable-looking object! On payment of a few centimes the attendants feed the fishes for the benefit of visitors, and we gave the octopus a chance. The way he sucks in his food and curls up his many tails and the different parts of his anatomy gives you the willies! I took a lot of notes on the exhibits in this Museum, and want to say that the Prince has surely given a great deal to science in devoting this building to the wonders that exist beneath the ocean's surface.—G. H. G."

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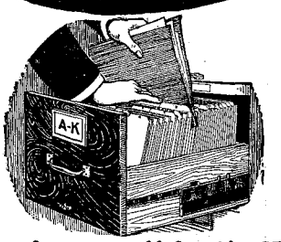
"YAWMAN and ERBE"



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If you only realized how surely, how easily, how inexpensively your weight can be increased, your figure perfected, and your health improved, I am certain you would write me.

I want to help you as only a woman can. I've had a wonderful experience covering sixteen years. Write to me and if my work won't help I will tell you what will.

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"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

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Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

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LINDEN Doylestown, Pa. | **The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well**
An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

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A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

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Wanted, in N. Y. City by three adults from December 1 to April 1, furnished apartment, three rooms, kitchenette, bath. Rent about $75. 9,201, Outlook.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

For sale or rent, furnished bungalows. Modern, facing Indian River, near Rockledge. Garage, dock, grove, launch. $150 to $450 season. Fishing, hunting. BLAIR, Cocoa, Florida.

FOR SALE—Miami, Florida

Eleven acres, including grove; ten minutes from courthouse. Dainty **FURNISHED** cottage on grounds. $7,500.
L. WINTHROP, 314 Route B, Miami, Florida.

Real Estate

GEORGIA

Sand Hills, Augusta, Ga. For rent for winter season, modern furnished house. Has 7 open fireplaces, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, invalid's elevator, hot water heat, ample coal supply in cellar, large porch, garage. Near Hotel Bon Air. Price $1,200. *For full description and photos address* JOHN M. CLARK, P. O. Box 907, Augusta, Ga.

IDAHO

FOR RENT At Hayden Lake, Idaho, 2,240 ft. altitude, surrounded by *mountains of Forest Reserve, a fully furnished* nine-room cottage, furnace heat, electricity, telephone; good steam and electric railway connections; wonderful drives and walks; near Spokane and good markets; locality particularly desirable for invalids. Will rent for 6 months or longer; immediate possession. Address Owner, P. O. Box 608, Spokane, Wash.

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SUMMERVILLE, South Carolina Furnished cottage, 11 rooms; very comfortable; two baths, large garden, beautiful trees, azaleas, camellias, garage, tennis court. $1,200 for six months. Address 9,205, Outlook.

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COPLEY CRAFT CHRISTMAS CARDS. Hand-colored, with specially appropriate verses. Sent on approval. Consignments for sales. Discounts to those selling among friends. Jessie A. McNicol, 18 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

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TEACHERS wanted for all departments of school and college work, present and future prospects. THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

SUPERINTENDENTS, secretaries, governesses, matrons, dietitians, mothers' helpers, companions, etc. The Wilton Exchange, Box 270, St. Joseph, Michigan.

WANTED—Competent, experienced woman to take charge of cafeteria and soda water department in large year round hotel in South. Attractive position year round and good pay to right person. Address, with references, experience, etc., Virginia Hotel, 6,379, Outlook.

RELIABLE mother's helper for eight months old child. Apply to Mrs. Talbot, 317 West 83d St., New York City.

WANTED—Gentlewoman to accompany elderly lady South for winter. Highest references exchanged. Emolument above expenses nominal. Opportunity for right person to spend winter in South with all expenses paid. 6,390, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

WANTED—Nursery governess for perfectly well girl baby, three years old. Must be experienced, and preferably one who speaks French. Parents live in large hotel. Every facility for comfort and convenience is furnished. Faithfulness and efficiency will be expected and kindly consideration given. Permanent position with good pay. Address Southern Family, 6,380, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of character and refinement as governess for children 3 and 6. Please give age, nationality, experience, and references. 6,387, Outlook.

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Business Situations

SECRETARY owning portable typewriter wants part time work. Experience. References. 6,389, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

YOUNG ENGLISH WOMAN, experienced child's nurse, desires position as companion-helper or entire charge of children. Best references. Californian or Southern American family preferred. 6,393, Outlook.

LADY of refinement wishes position as companion, or mother's helper where servants are kept. Best references. 6,384, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

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WOMAN of culture, competent to take charge of household or act as companion, chaperon, etc., desires position in high-class home. Associations greatly valued. Highest credentials. Address E. Maurer, 1 East 130th St., New York City.

WANTED—Position as dietitian in hospital near New York City. 6,385, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

EXPERIENCED English governess. Good physical care. Little children New York or vicinity preferred. 6,382, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

A mother will care for and educate in her attractive home near Boston some motherless little girl. Best family and social influence. French conversation. Music. 6,388, Outlook.

MOTHER of two children, college graduate, will mother and raise baby in her own home. Object purely monetary, so only persons of means need apply. Good chance for any one who wishes motherless baby to have the loving care, physical and mental development that only a refined home and mother can give. Protestant home, American, servant employed. Interview arranged. Located near Chicago. 6,386, Outlook.

WANTED—for the winter—a small furnished apartment or two or three rooms and bath, with board, in pleasant suburban home one hour or less from New York, by two ladies and two little girls. 6,377, Outlook.

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. *Further the cause of Patriotism* by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

MRS. A. S. Shelby opened her cooking school for young ladies October 15. New classes every week being formed. The home and surroundings ideal. The best care and table assured—full course in six weeks. One mile from Lexington in trolley. For terms and particulars address Mrs. A. S. Shelby, Versailles Road, Lexington, Ky.

LADY, experienced in care of children, home on island near St. Augustine, would care for and teach one or two children. Magnificent beaches, excellent food and care, happy home life. 6,392, Outlook.

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M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery, 44 West 22d St., New York.

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A WOMANLESS TOWN

BY ESTELLINE BENNETT

Port Nelson, Manitoba, Canada, the new gateway to the *Hinterland* of the Northwest Territories, this year's hoped-for new outlet for Canadian wheat, and the end of the Hudson Bay Railway, is a womanless town. It has a population of five hundred men, a dazzle of electricity lighting its streets and buildings, and a long history; but not one woman has dared the canoe trip down the Nelson River, which is the only way of reaching this town until the railway is finished. Nelson is one of the oldest towns in Canada, and the only place on Hudson Bay that has kept its name and location unchanged from the beginning of its history. River and port were named Nelson for a seaman who was mate of a vessel that wintered there during the year 1512–13. It never had any prominence until within the last two or three years, when it began to grow toward a railway terminal and shipping point. It was overshadowed during the early days by York, which was a trading post, and Churchill, which was so strongly fortified that it was then the equal of Quebec as a stronghold.

There is a luxurious men's club-house at Nelson, but there are no homes. It probably is the only town of any importance now on the Western continent in which there is not one woman.

"WHO ARE THE THIEVES?"

In your issue of October 23 there is a communication by W. S. Rainsford on "Shall We Let Germany Rot?" and he compares Germany to the man in Christ's parable "who fell among thieves." He says, "Germany has fallen among thieves." I think Mr. Rainsford misapplies the parable. Belgium, France, Serbia, Poland, Italy, have fallen among thieves. The good Samaritans (the Allies) are pouring oil and wine into their wounds and are doing what they can at enormous cost to heal them.

Who are the thieves? Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey, are the thieves. Not only thieves but murderers, violators of women, adulterers, committers of every crime prohibited by national and international law. We know our duty toward those who have fallen among thieves, and we intend to do that duty to the uttermost to restore and to heal. But what is our duty toward the "thieves"? Is it not the duty of punishment adequate to fit the enormity of the crimes?

It is assumed that the German people are not responsible for the crimes of their autocratic militaristic Government. In all these four years of massacre, rape, arson, robbery, murder, have the German people protested against the crimes committed in their name? Have they not been willing to profit to the fullest extent when they seemed to be winning the war? Our duty is clear in regard to "the man who fell among thieves;" but what is our duty toward the thieves, the murderers, the rapists, those who sink passenger vessels containing women and children, and even sink the lifeboats? (Rev.) JOHN WHITEHEAD.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

[What shall we do with the nation guilty of all crimes? Our answer is: (1) Conquer her; (2) compel her to repair as far as she can the evil she has wrought; (3) deprive her of the power to repeat the crimes; (4) then do what we can to set in motion forces that will convert and transform her. —THE EDITORS.]

ROSES, Violets and the earlier blooming potted plants compete with late Chrysanthemum varieties, to dominate Thanksgiving displays in Flower shops everywhere. It's needless to say that flowers will contribute much to your Thanksgiving observance.

This Thanksgiving, perhaps, your soldier boy will be on furlough, or you'll entertain another soldier boy in his place. Think how much **he** will appreciate the presence of flowers there in your home.

Your florist is ready to handle Thanksgiving orders with infinite care as to details of arrangement. The cost will be small as you desire.

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10 11 12 15 16
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LOOK YOUR BEST

IT is not only woman's privilege, it is her duty to look her best on all occasions. Woman was intended to be attractive—to have charm and daintiness with which to grace her home or wherever she may be. To assure this should be one of her chief duties as well as pleasures.

"Moma Bona"

Stands for Peach Blossom in Japanese

It also stands for a beautiful, healthful complexion. It is not merely a matter of paints and powders, but goes much deeper. Send for my little booklet and learn how easily you can acquire a smooth, clear, soft skin—one in which you can take pride.

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BY THE WAY

"I thought I had told you everything," says Mrs. June R. Lucas in her book called "The Children of France." "I haven't. To-day at eleven was almost the most thrilling moment of all at Évian. Six hundred and eighty Belgian children arrived on the morning train. Two-thirds of them had been taken from their parents because their fathers would not work for the Germans. Those poor children, thin, sickly looking, alone, calling 'Vive la France,' then 'Vive la Belgique,' for the first time in three years! . . . How they ate! They just stuffed that good dinner. I shall never forget their hands, little birdlike claws, so thin, and when they sang they waved those pathetic little hands. Such a volume of song as came from them: 'Le Roi, la loi, la liberté!' No one could bear it; the French, the Americans, the Belgian officials who had come to receive them, all stood with tears on their faces."

A milkman draftee makes a novel complaint. "I like the army life," he writes to the Boston "Transcript," "only it's mighty hard to lie abed until 5:30 in the morning."

The Arab sheik is a keen metaphysician, as an American traveler, Mr. P. H. Chadbourn, discovered. He says in the "Atlantic:" "I recall a delicious dig that one old Arabian patriarch got off on me. 'Why,' he said, 'do your countrymen send missionaries these thousands of miles to persuade us of the divinity of that saint, Christ, before they have even convinced the chief of your own great land?' This subtle reference to our [then] Unitarian President, William H. Taft," Mr. Chadbourn goes on, "from a Bedouin of the desert, was too much for me."

"Probably a large proportion of the ships which never reach port," according to a book called "The Ocean and Its Mysteries," "are sunk by running into derelicts, for the low-lying hulks are hard to see on a dark or stormy night, and a vessel striking one may sink so quickly that the crew have no time to take to the boats." This may have been the fate of the U. S. collier Cyclops, which disappeared several months ago and has never been heard from.

Illustrating the difficulties involved in the use of the vernacular, the Dallas "News" reports this dialogue: "Housewife: 'How do you tell bad eggs?' Smart Grocer: 'I never told any, but if I did have anything to tell a bad egg I'd break it gently.'"

Dorothy Canfield tells in "Harper's Monthly" of two points of view taken by our American soldiers with whom she talked in France. One man was a middle-aged farmer. "'I'm from Maine,' he said, soberly; 'over draft age, of course. But it looked to me like a kind of mean trick to make the boys do it all for us, so I come along too.' 'How do you like it, now you're here?' I asked. He looked at me heavily. 'Like it? It's hell!' he said. 'It's dirty work,' he went on, 'but it's got to be done, and I ain't a-goin' to dodge my share of it.'"

The other soldier was from Georgia. "A fresh, splendidly built lad, he looked up from his first bite of melon, crying: 'Yes, suh, a cantaloup, a' honest-to-the-Lawd cantaloup! I don't reckon I'm likely to run into a watermelon, am I? I suahly would have to be ca'ied back to camp on a stretcheh if I did!' 'How do you like being in France?' I asked. He looked up, his eyes kindling. 'Well, I was plumb crazy to get heah, and, now I'm heah, I like it mo' even than I 'lowed I would. Oh, you just get to *love* it!' he cried. 'Why, I *neveh* want to go home! I just want to stay over heah and go right on killin' Boches all my life!'"

W. Hohenzollern, as interpreted by Mr. Simeon Strunsky in an amusing satire called "Little Journeys toward Paris," says in a chapter headed "Preparations for the Trip:" "No hard and fast rule can be laid down for the length of time to be spent in preparation for an excursion from Berlin to Paris. From the author's own experience it is obvious that *forty-three years are not enough.*"

The author drops into verse in the book above named, in celebration of the theme of the Kaiser's trip to Paris:

"You are old, Father William," the Krown Prince declared,
"Or at least you are well in your prime;
And yet you're some distance away from Paree,
Do you think you will get there in time?"

"Now that," sobbed old William, "O pride of Verdun,
Is just what I fear from the map.
Though an expert at scrapping of papers, I'm not
Quite up to the Foch kind of scrap."

Among outdoor games for children in Japan, "Jan Ken Po" is very popular. It is a variation of a game that is sometimes played in the streets of American cities. Two boys simultaneously throw out their hands. If the hand is closed, it is called "stone;" if open, "paper;" if two fingers are extended, "scissors." Paper wins over stone, for stone may be wrapped in paper. Scissors win over paper, for paper can be cut with scissors; but scissors lose to stone, for stone can break scissors.

American children who think they are doing a great feat in bouncing a ball on the sidewalk a hundred times without missing would find themselves outclassed in Japan. The Japanese children bounce the ball with the foot, and at intervals clap their hands and whirl their bodies around without stopping the ball.

The most popular indoor game in Japan is said to be "Hyaku Nin Isshu," the one hundred songs and poems of famous writers. This game is played as follows: A reader is chosen; he has one complete set of cards. The rest of the party is divided into two sides, each with another set of cards. The reader then begins to read the poem on one of his cards. Each player aims to recognize it and thus help win the game for his side. Many of the poems have similar beginnings, but the skillful player often picks up the right one from the first few words read. A forfeit prevents undue haste in claiming the card. In the large cities, it is said, there are regular contests of expert players of this national card game of Japan.

Lieutenant Alan F. Winslow, who brought down the first German airplane that fell a victim to a member of the A. E. F., and who contributed an article on "An Air Battle" to The Outlook of July 10 last, has been reported missing. It was believed that he was killed in an air battle near Fère-en-Tardenois. Our readers will rejoice to learn that he is now reported to be alive, though a prisoner in the German prison camp at Treves. He lost his left arm in the action in which it was believed he was killed.

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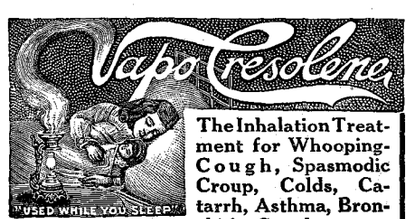

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